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I AM NOT TIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Stay, jailor, stay, and hear my woe!
He is not drunk who kneels to thee;
For what I am too well I know,
And what I was, and ought to be.
I'll go no more where bottles glare;
No longer battle, rave, or fight:
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not tight, I am not tight.

Some vile policeman forged the tale
Which keeps me in this dismal cell;
To think that I got drunk on ale—
Dare not the tale again to tell:
Oh! haste my loving wife to cheer;
Her spirits will be gay and light
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not tight, I am not tight.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He's whistling now; I spoke in vain;
His clumsy form no more I see—
'Tis gone, and I'm alone again.
How warm it is! No breath of air
To cool me on this sultry night—
To treat me thus, how could he dare,
When I'm not tight; no, no, not tight!

I've been asleep—I've had a dream—
Methought that I had lots of gold—
Methought with coin my pockets teem'd,
But waking up find out I'm sold.
My clothes hang loosely round me now;
My pants are holy to the sight;
But yet I'll take a solemn vow
I am not tight, I am not tight.

Thou hast not, boy, forgot, I trow,
The whippings when thou wert a child,
The swift descending of each blow
That nearly drove thee frantic, wild;
Nor how your master loved to see
Your looks of sorrow and affright—
May there in store worse whippings be,
If you get tight, if you get tight.

His hectic cough gives me no joy!
His eyes sink deep within his head!
None ever had an uglier boy—
At least, so all the neighbors said—
And shall I never see thee more,
Thou ugly, ugly, ugly wight!
Ah, there I go! I've kissed the floor,
But am not tight, but am not tight.

Oh! hark! What curses greet my ear?
Some beastly drunkard comes this way;
His hiccoughs now I p'ainly hear—
I know there'll be the deuce to pay.
Help! help! he's got me by the throat!
Begone! Begone! thou drunken sot!
I swear you shall not steal my coat!
I am not tight, I know I'm not.

But look! See how the fellow stares!
Mark how he hits me when I'm down!
My seedy coat he quickly tears,
My faded hat has lost its crown.
By Jove, he's struck me in the eye!
The claret flows, it served me right—
Take warning, friends, and profit by
The fate of one who knows he's tight.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

"They say she hates him!"
"He has an enormous fortune!"
"I've heard he isn't worth a penny!"
"She married him out of spite!"
"Fifty thousand a year!"
"Bless me! why that's a thousand a week!"
"Look at that person to the right of the pillar! Oh! what a hideous bonnet!"
"The veil is Honiton point!"
"I've heard she's been cut by a painter!"
"What! a painter and glazier? Bless me!"
"They do say the bridegroom's a vampire!
"Oh! ma! do look at the charity brats!"
"*Children*, my love; charity *children!*"
"Oh! ma! why don't charity children blow their noses?"
"Drat the child! what a question!"
"The bride is lovely! such hair!"
"Hush!"

The attention of this special congregation was soon directed to the altar, where the fashionable curate, with his hair parted down the centre, was smiling on the young lady part of the assembly, and preparing for his bishop. A strange buzz was in the church, occasioned by a group of three advancing up the centre aisle. It was Gabrielle and the old Frenchman, followed by Latour, the creole, glancing everywhere with his changeful, glowing eyes. A pew close to the altar had been reserved for them, which they entered. Crouching down, almost in the corner, was a human form. Latour touched him that he might move away, when he revealed the grief-stricken face of Athol Clement. Latour bent down.

"You should have slain him!"
"How know you—"
"How do I know? I followed you, saw all; beheld him in your power. Fool! had you crushed the worm, the serpent had not lived to sting you!"
"I could not murder, Latour. I tried to fly, far—far from this; but I could not. I flutter round my fate as the moth around the flame. I could not see her, yet I felt that I must hear the words that, making her his wife, divide us always."
Latour bent down.
"Courage, then; they will never be spoken!"
First at the altar, and amid the loud murmur of suspease, came the bridegroom, leaning heavily on his best man, John Fitz John. His eyelids quivered with the pain he was enduring, his lips were pale and compressed; but he was there, still suffering—still determined. The children of the schools which Lucy Marsden had endowed, from a pious memory of her mother, lined her path to the altar. She appeared, leaning on the arm of a relation of the Countess of Walsoken, the Duke of Hunstanton, whose mansion and grounds of Sea View had been nobly and splendidly decorated for the honeymoon. Eight bridesmaids followed her, supporting her train. As she approached, the children strewed her path with flowers. She walked to the altar as one in a mesmeric trance. Her arm apparently rested in that of the duke, but he felt no pressure. The bride's tear, the gentle tribute to a new life, was absent from her fixed eyes. The moment Bernard saw her, with desperate resolution he strung up every nerve, and stood erect. The report which had been circulated was evidently the truth. The beautiful Lucy Marsden was more of a victim than a bride. And the divine well of sympathy, which is part of dear woman's nature, was sounded, and there arose a sad and all but universal sigh for their suffering sister at the altar. Rigid, as though each muscle of her frame had been changed to iron bands, stood Lucy Marsden before the priests. Conquering the anguish of his wound, a deathly smile of triumph upon his lip, the bridegroom faced her. Watching him over the partition, as with a tiger's eye, crouched Latour in the pew. Watching him, likewise, but half recoiling from him, sat the old French teacher, Anatole, grasping the hand of his niece, Gabrielle. The mellifluous tones of the bishop, murmuring rather than speaking, commenced the service. Latour glanced at his watch.

"Latour!"
'Twas Athol spoke below.
"We shall be in time—but only in time," said the creole, showing his watch. "It wants one minute to twelve, and at the hour—"
The Bishop of Dorchester proceeded. At last he addressed the bridegroom:—
"Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"
Bernard was silent. Latour's eyes over the pew flashed and gleamed as with sparkling fire. Bernard was silent. Throughout the church there reigned a solemn hush. The vestry clerk, sliding up, prompted him.
"I will."
Bernard was silent. The bishop advanced nearer the bridegroom, and bent his ear to listen. Latour roused Clement.
"Look!" he cried, "and wait."
At the first stroke of the clock, which proclaimed the mid-day, there came an awful change in Bernard's face. The muscles twitched, the lips parted, and with a frightful screaming imprecation, he fell senseless at the altar foot.
"He is dead!" whispered Latour, bustling through the crowd. "Say that he is dead."
"No," replied the surgeon, who had also rushed forward, after a pause. "He lives still."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OLD FRENCHMAN AND THE EMPEROR—A DEPARTURE FROM LONDON—THE WEEK'S RENT.

A FORTNIGHT has elapsed, and we are once more in the little fourth-floor room in Gerrard street. Gabrielle is in a becoming travelling dress. Her uncle wears his military great-coat, and carries the portrait of his beloved Emperor underneath his arm. The thrush is beating its wings in the cage, which is carefully enveloped in a holland wrapper. Tightly corded trunks are lying close to the door, on one of which the small servant-of-all-work is sitting, to use her own phrase, crying her eyes out.
"Oh, Miss Hannytole—Miss Hannytole! to think of your going now. Allus I said you was a lady, and now you're a going. You're the best tempered party in the house, and fifteen there is in the house, which I have to cook and do for. Washin' ain't put out, and missis a takin' her drop."
"Come, Carry."
"Don't talk to me, Miss Hannytole, don't! I wish that Miss Lucy was dead, she was. I'd tell her too, if I saw her, that's what I would!"
"No, Carry," reasoned Gabrielle; "you must not speak like that. Miss Lucy is so good, so kind."
"She ain't kind to me, is she—taking you away? I wouldn't a minded if it ud a been in London, 'cause then I could a come and seen you on Whit-Mondays, instead o' going to Epping."
"You shall come and see me, Carry, if you like," continued Gabrielle; "and, when I can afford it, you shall come and be my servant at Marsden. Oh! it is such a beautiful place, is it not, uncle?"
"Vat you say, eh? Marsden? Ah, yeas, it is of grand beauty. The vegetables are so good—make soup—charmant!"
"And the flowers?"
"Ah, *Mon Dieu!* yeas—ze flowers! I like the flowers baycause the flowers love Gabrielle. Ven shall ve commence to go?"
"Not yet for half an hour, uncle. We have not seen Mr. Latour yet, nor——"
Gabrielle, with a half blush, paused.
"Nor vat? I had—hah, I 'ad forgot—dat is good! We 'ave not ze tin—hah, hah!—ze money!"
"You want money, Miss Hannytole—all right—don't you pay missis her rent. She's all quiet; fast asleep in the parlor. Don't say a word. Take your boxes. I'll help you; and then, you know, I'll know nothing about——"
"See, Carry!" replied Gabrielle, with a half smile, pointing to the mantelshelf.
There was her red-covered rent-book open, and the rent for the week on it. Carry still looked uncomfortable.
"Monsieur Latour will be here presently!" exclaimed Gabrielle; "he will bring us more than we shall require."
"Well, if you should be short, Miss Hannytole, jest you take it," persevered Carry. "Of course ye needn't keep it, but send it by the postman, or the electrical telegraft, or any o' them new-fashioned things."
"Ah!" sighed the old Frenchman, "zat Monsieur Robins he no not an honest man; he 'ave not pay his leetel seexpence for his last layson."
"Perhaps, uncle," answered Gabrielle,—"perhaps he will come yet."
The front door in Gerard street was always ajar, so that any accustomed visitor could mount without ceremony.
"Mr. Robinson, I am sure, is so good, so honest, that—"
Carry hearing an approaching footstep ascending the stairs, opened the room door.
"Miss Hannytole," she exclaimed, "here is Mr. Robinson."
When Mr. Charles Robinson at last entered, it was with a sad expression on his face.
"So you are going, Mademoiselle Gabrielle?"
Gabrielle nodded. The little servant watched the two with an almost ludicrous expression of intense sympathy.
"I shall never forget our night up in the gallery of the Opera; and I shall lose all my French," he added, dolefully taking the price of his last lesson out of his pocket, and handing it to the Frenchman.
"*Merci*, monsieur, mosh obleege."
"You are, of course, compelled to go?"
"Oh, yes! I could not disappoint our benefactress. We're to have the little cottage-lodge at Marsden, which, to my mind, is better than the Grange itself. I shall be her loving, though humble companion; while my uncle—"
"Weel complete lees grand labor on ze verbs irregulare of hees nayteeve tong."
Mr. Robinson shook his head. From sheer sympathy, Carry, staring with "all her eyes," shook her head too.
"Carry," exclaimed Gabrielle, "there's a ring. I wish you would go down—'tis Mr. Latour."
Carry roused her faculties from their absorption, and clattered, in her slippered feet down stairs. It was one peculiarity in the manner of M. Anatole, that he was considered a "nobody." Every person might speak before him without the least reserve, his mind being constantly occupied, either about the reminiscence of his Emperor, or on the difficulties of his work on the irregular French verbs.
"If business was better——" commenced Robinson, abruptly, and then as abruptly stopped.
"Is not business good?" inquired Gabrielle.
"It's my brother who is my partner," returned the other,—"confound him, he spends all the profits in buying new stock. We have such a stock—shop full, back parlor full, first floor front full, except where the table is; first floor back full, except where the bed is; and he's always looking 'em over, to make a fresh catalogue. I declare I look at 'em, Miss Gabrielle, till the crotchets and the quavers, and the minims and the bar's rests seem dancing and playing leap-frog before my eyes. If I could get a situation I'd cut it!"
Latour entered the room at this moment, bestowing almost a reverence on the old Frenchman, but a lighter salute to Gabrielle. For a moment he started, as he beheld a stranger, but a glance he flung at Gabrielle led him to surmise the truth.
"This is Mr. Robinson, Mr. Latour, a pupil of my uncle's."
Latour smiled. Gabrielle blushed.
"Em! You are prepared I see for your journey. I will myself see you to the station and pay your fares. I have written to Mrs. Francis to have all ready for you on your arrival, and you will find a carriage waiting at the station to convey you to your new home. Tut! I had almost forgotten; my young mistress sent you this, that you might amuse yourself on the way."
It was a small parcel of French books for M. Anatole; and a work-bag, completely fitted, for Gabrielle.
"How kind!" exclaimed Gabrielle,—"how thoughful!"
"My young mistress is kind," replied Latour, "and ever thoughful of others."
"Her health, is it ver good?" asked M. Anatole.
"She is better," rejoined Latour, "because she is alone."
"Captain Bernard——"
"When last I saw him had not recovered from his wound, which had, it was feared, aroused some latent unsuspected disease."
"A! Moscow! it ees in my maymory."
"Was he so very ill?" inquired Gabrielle, interrupting her uncle.
"Terribly. I went every day to his chambers to ask, but he grew neither worse nor better. 'Twas a lethargy, alternated by attacks of severe pain."
"Is he aware of Miss Marsden's approaching departure for the Grange?"
"No," answered Latour. "For the sufficient reason that when the crash came a week ago, he flew from the Albany, and none know whither he has gone."
"We shall follow you to-morrow," he said to Gabrielle, taking out his watch; "and you must depart at once. I, too, have several things to do. I have to engage——"
"Engage whom or what?" asked Gabrielle.
"Carry," said Latour to the small servant, who was hanging about in a state of dancing excitement in the passage, "get a cab."
"Engage whom or what?" questioned Gabrielle once more.
"Oh, some one to help me in my position as steward at Marsden. In future I shall take entire charge of the property. Some one to keep books, collect rents."
Mr. Charles Robinson, who had hitherto been seated on the box, here made an extraordinary demonstration. Latour, who had his back towards him, did not perceive his wonderful pantomime, but Gabrielle observed and understood. It was a condensation of almost every action in every ballet he had ever seen. He jumped up on the lid of the box; he opened his eyes; pointed to himself—to Latour—to Gabrielle; his arms whirled like the sails of a windmill; he stood up on tip-toe; he squatted down.
"Ah, *Mon Dieu!*" ejaculated the old Frenchman; "he is a dronken!"
Latour, quickly turning round, barely detected him, for Robinson assumed the appearance of a quiet, steady tradesman on the instant. Latour glanced at Gabrielle, who at once lowered her eyes.
"May I ask who you are?" spoke Latour.
"Well, sir! the truth is, the situation you describe is the very thing, sir, that would suit me, sir."
Latour looked at Gabrielle, and smiled.
"See, the cab is at the door," he said, noticing the approach of Carry. "Come to me to-morrow, 9 Belgrave Square. We will talk the matter over. Come, help Carry with the boxes, and allow me to carry this for you, Monsieur Anatole."
"*Non, non!*" returned the old man, clasping his engraving of Napoleon. "No pareson sall tosh *mon Empereur* but Anatole, of his Old Guard."
Latour, respecting the devotion of the soldier, forebore to urge. He gave his arm to Gabrielle, and prepared to descend. As they came down, one or two of the lodgers waited at the doors of their respective rooms to bid Gabrielle good speed. They reached the street at last, the cab was loaded, Robinson mounted the box, the rest inside.
"Euston Square!"
The cab moved, and as the horse was just getting his pace, they were stopped by a screaming "Hi, hi" from behind.
Latour put his head out of the cab, and saw the small servant, Carry, running along at the top of her speed.
"Miss Hannytole, private!" she whispered. "Good-bye, Miss Hannytole!" she continued, slipping something in her hand. "Good-bye! Drive on, cabby. Send it next week!"
The cab went on. Then Gabrielle discovered that the unfaithful servant had, after all, taken the week's rent from where it had been left, and brought it to the departing travellers, lest they should be short of cash.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALMOST A WIFE—THE HOUSE FROM THE DREAM—ADVERSITY AND PROSPERITY—BERNARD'S MYSTERIOUS TAKING OFF—FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY.

So numbed became the mind of Lucy with the torture it had endured, that when the Duke, who was to have given her away, handed her from the altar, she believed herself a wife. The Countess of Walsoken, hurrying up to her, began a speech of sympathy as she entered the carriage with her.
"Who are you?" inquired Lucy, on issuing from her torpor. "Oh, heaven! can it be?"
A perception of the truth penetrated her soul.
"Is it possible," she cried, "that I am not yet his wife?"
"My child," replied the Countess, in what was intended to be a tone of deepest sympathy; "the saddest accident compelled—em!—the postponement of the interesting ceremony for—em!—the present."
"Oh, that it was for ever!" thought Lucy.
A wave of the hand from the Countess sufficed to stay the inquiries of the guests who had assembled, and rapidly Lucy ascended to the retirement of her room. Quickly she removed the garments of the bride, and was Lucy Marsden once more. In cheerful retirement Lucy passed the next two days. The publicity which the interrupted marriage obtained for the names of Hugh Bernard and Lucy Marsden, enlisted curiosity and occasioned inquiry. Then it was ascertained that Hugh Bernard, tossed by fever as he lay, was a sham; that his sole means of income were derived from the estates and fortune of his ward.
"Society," so slavish in its elevation of its idol, is invariably most vindictive in its destruction. Thus it was, that tongues which had swelled the chorus of Bernard's praise as an eccentric, generous gentleman, now eagerly united in hounding him down as a swindler—as a sharper. Friends to whom, in his excess of display, he had lent hundreds, openly expressed their disgust that they had ever eaten of his salt, or taken his gloved hand between their aristocratic fingers. But if Hugh Bernard lent, he also borrowed; and in the day of his downfall, as he lay wounded and soul-tormented in his chambers, he was overwhelmed by applications and legal threats from tradesmen and money-lenders. His expenditure, be it remembered, was almost Oriental in its magnificence. To support the extravagance of this outlay, he had not alone extorted large sums from the fears of Lucy Marsden, but had borrowed extensively at enormous rates. All these surrounded the couch of the prostrate Bernard, as eagles hover o'er a deserted corse. Beneath their rapacious hands, heedless alike of law or right—his jewelry—his valuable furniture—even his cellar of rare wines disappeared. Bernard, exhausted with pain, would have yielded anything to rid himself of their harpy presence. But more than ever by their loud, unseemly squabbles, he was vexed by the reiterated sarcastic paragraphs which day after day appeared in the fashionable journals. He fairly quailed under the load of obloquy which, with some dim perception of the truth, they heaped upon him. Fearing to confront them, he fled. When it was known that he had suddenly deserted his chambers in the Albany—that he had fled, none knew whither, the empty leaders of hollow fashion rubbed his name out of their visiting books, and thought of him no longer.
But who was Lucy Marsden? and what was the relation between her and the Captain? The whisper of scandal began to circulate through the town.
"My cheild," said the Countess to her charge, "you must, indeed you must answer me truly to one question, for my own sake, and—em!—your own?"
"Speak," replied Lucy.
"Em!—the world is so wicked that—em!—but is it not odd that—well, really, I hardly know how to say it—that, in fact, my dear, why did you promise to marry that wretched man—for I am told he is a complete humbug—when, in fact, you hated him?"
"I do not understand," replied Lucy, "that people should busy themselves about that which by no chance can possibly concern them."
"Well—em!—not precisely, my dear; because you will conceive that, in fact, society has begun to talk, and——"
"Society must talk," replied Lucy. "How can I stay their tongue?"
"By disarming their suspicion!"
"Suspicion!" retorted Lucy.
"In fact, my cheild, out of regard to your own reputation!"
Lucy, flushing with indignation, started up and confronted the Countess.
"Suspicion! Reputation! How dare you link such expressions with my name?"
"My dear cheild——"
"If I were a man, or had a man's arm to help me——"
"My mistress!"
It was Latour.
"Pardon—I was not aware that——"
"You can speak, Latour," spoke the Countess, only too delighted at the interruption.
"Latour," cried Lucy, "I will stay no longer beneath this roof, or with this false, malicious set. I'll return to Marsden at once."
"My cheild," interrupted the Countess, "impossible—at once—in a few weeks——"
"A few days will be sufficient," interrupted Latour, "for every preparation——"
"My cheild, the house has not been inhabited for years and consider——"
"Lady Walsoken," cried Lucy, "whatever may be Captain Bernard's fate, I am rich. If it be your pleasure to accompany me, and shelter my reputation under the sacred shadow of your name, I am content."
"My dear, anything I can do to serve you, I am sure—"
To serve *herself*, she should have said.
The preliminaries being thus easily settled, the ultimate arrangements were soon made. Lucy looked forward to her escape from the town as a bird longs to be freed from its cage. It was at the suggestion of Latour that Gabrielle and her old uncle were offered the shelter of the lodge, in the hope that Gabrielle might prove a pleasant companion for his young mistress. The hour of departure was fixed, and making an excuse to the Countess, on the plea of superintending the arrangements for her arrival, Lucy, her maid, and Latour forestalled it by one day.

CHAPTER XIX.

AGAIN AT THE GRANGE—THE OLD ARM CHAIR—SKELETONS.

THE plan of privacy suggested by Latour had been so thoroughly carried out, that except Mrs. Francis, who still retained her position as housekeeper, but few of the inmates of the mansion were aware of the arrival of their young mistress. Though in the summer, as though to welcome their late arrival, a fire was burning in the grate of that room which, from old association, was still called "Lady Marsden's."
Latour, as they entered, walked up to the seat which she was accustomed to use, and in which we saw her in the first chapter. The nature of the creole was wayward in the extreme. Ordinarily, he preserved a stolid, cold demeanor. One which, however, thawed instantaneously when a wave of passion rolled over his soul. The sight of the old room—the old furniture—the accustomed chair in its usual place—but the one thought, his mistress in her lonely grave, overcame him. With a deep sob he murmured her name, and rushed out of the room. This wild emotion of Latour, intensified the distress of Lucy—a distress, however, which was mitigated by a remembrance—a remembrance that she was freed, at least, for a season, from the companionship of Bernard. The tossing passion which had whirled thought up to a tempest, gradually subsided into a placid summer sea. Calmly she summoned Mrs. Francis, and sought the solitude of her bed-chamber. Before she awoke in the morning, the news of her return had spread amongst the cottagers and the tenants of the Grange. The two years that have passed have wrought great changes in the appearance of the grounds. Bernard had expended large sums. The lawn was level and closely shaven, and was dotted with plots of flowers, with tendril-covered arcades, and fountains of Italian marble. When Lucy Marsden descended in the morning, she found many remembrances from her old pensioners; nothing of value; but a flower, a bunch of grapes, and a message. The passion of the previous night had flitted, and Latour, calm and collected, stood behind the chair of his mistress.
"Every one," he said, "seems so glad that you have returned, Miss Marsden!"
Lucy shuddered.
"Latour," she said, "there are certain subjects to which you must never refer. They are skeletons in the household, which no hand may touch. An allusion, however slight, to Capt. Bernard, is one of those skeletons."
So delicate was Lucy's speech, that from her lip a rebuke lost half its sting.
"Pardon!" said Latour. "I possess only, I suppose, the polish of civilization. Beneath, I am wild, rugged, savage, as my forefathers on the Afric sand. I will endeavor to be, as you say, careful. But, as I love the memory of my dead mistress, so I hate the presence of her destroyer."
"Her destroyer?"
"Did he not," cried Latour, "did he not tempt her out one fatal, shadowy night, despite her illness—despite the very fate that glimmered on the threshold? He taught her to disregard all for him. I tell—"
"Listen, Latour!" spoke Lucy Marsden very sadly. "My mother struck the fetters off your limbs, but to her you preferred to remain a slave! That holy, though servile affection with which you regarded her, at her death became mine. In this wide world, Latour, there are to me but two honest hearts; of those two, yours is one."
The affection of Latour resembled that rather of a favorite dog.
"I will die for you!" he gasped.
"Then should we e'er see him again, must you be silent to Bernard. Not by a slight look—by a chance action—let him surmise your dislike. If he did so, he would desire your departure; and, did he ordain it, you must go."
"He shall place his foot upon my neck! Enough!"
"I am going out, Latour, with Gabrielle for a long stroll. Should the countess arrive, you will point out her apartments."
Latour bowed, then simply attired in her brown dress and garden hat, Lucy went out to visit Gabrielle. The

breeze rolling down from the Cheviots, and stealing freshness from the green trees, and odor from the rich flowers, invigorated the worn frame of Lucy Marsden. Wonderful is the effect of nature on the weary soul. The past seemed as a dream. The spirit of youth rose within her. A strange joy filled her heart, sparkled in her eyes. She ran down the road to the lodge where Gabrielle resided. The young French girl saw her arrival from the little window. Open the door flies; far back the gate is flung; and Gabrielle, laughing, dancing, clapping her hands, runs to meet her. The girl of boundless wealth and the girl so early orphaned embraced tenderly, and kissed each other on either cheek.

"Ah, *peste* Gabrielle, vat honor! Know you it ees Mees Marsden?"

"Lucy to Gabrielle!" cried that lady. "Oh, Gabrielle!" she continued, "I feel so happy in these well-known woods, because I (drawing a deep respiration) because I *live*."

"Come in!" cried Gabrielle. "See what a darling little cottage! and oh, such furniture! Will you not sit down, Miss Marsden?"

"Lucy, Lucy!" playfully insisted the other. "I feel so happy—so restless—that I can't stay anywhere! Let us go out into the fields!"

"Hush!" cried Gabrielle.

Along the road fronting the lodge was distinguished the sound of vehicles.

"It ees ze luggage cart of ze Grange," cried Anatole, "and ze carriage!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Lucy; "it is that abominable Lady Walsoken! I really cannot endure her continued chat! What am I to do?"

"Hide!" whispered Gabrielle.

Directly acting on the hint, Lucy ran into the lodge, and, to her delight, watched the pompous face of the countess, and heard her demand for Miss Marsden. The carriage passed through, but it was not until it had proceeded some distance that Lucy dared venture out of her concealment.

"Come!" she cried to Gabrielle; "let us away."

"Whither?"

"Oh, so very many places! I can't tell you how many! Let us put some bread and butter in our pockets, like truant schoolgirls, and gather field flowers in the lanes."

"Oh, miss," said Gabrielle, "you forget that you are a rich lady!"

"Forget it!" exclaimed Lucy, with a deep-drawn sigh. "Oh, would to heaven I could forget it, Gabrielle!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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REMOVAL.

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

KNICKERBOCKER.—1. Andrew Jackson Allen, or Dummy Allen as he was better known, was born in New York in 1788. 2. The Mestayer family are related to the Pelbys: Mrs. Mestayer and Mrs. Pelby are sisters. 3. Mrs. E. R. Thorne is a niece of Mrs. Pelby. Mrs. Mestayer died in Boston, Nov. 30, 1860. Charley died in Boston, May 12, 1849. Mrs. Barney Williams is his widow. 4. The Ravel Family first came to this country during the cholera of 1832.

MERRIMAC.—The Merrimac frigate was built for the National Navy, Boston, in 1855. At the time of the burning of the Gosport Navy Yard, the Merrimac was scuttled and sunk by the rebels—was afterwards raised by them, armed with 10-100lb. guns, and covered with a slanting roof of railroad iron. Her dimensions were as follows:—Length of spar deck, 281 feet, breadth, 52 feet, and drawing 23 feet of water.

ED. COPPERS.—The Stevens Battery consists of one iron plated vessel, with two screw propellers, worked by eight engines—commenced in 1854, the government appropriating $50,000 for its construction; the Messrs. Stephens afterwards gave $200,000 towards finishing it, but on R. L. Stephens' death it was again stopped. Length of hull, 420 feet; width, 53 feet; draft, 21 feet; tonnage, 6000.

J. C. R., New York.—Such an article could only be published by us as a paid advertisement, and with your full name and precise address attached. For us to publish it on our own account without being able to substantiate the charges you make, would make us subject to a suit for libel, and we do not feel disposed to play catspaw and hook other people's chestnuts out of the fire.

P. H. B., Coxsackie.—The stakeholder having given up the money before the official returns were rendered, does not affect the bet. Should the returns, however, prove that you had won, you can call upon the stakeholder for the money, leaving him to get it returned from the party to whom he first paid it as best he can.

J. T. B., Glenn's Falls.—Aaron Burr and Hamilton fought their celebrated duel in July, 1804; Hamilton lived a day or two afterwards; Burr did not wear a tight fitting black silk coat, as is generally supposed, but a black bombazine frock coat; Burr died Sept. 14, 1836.

BILLIARD SALOON PROPRIETORS.—We do not hold the same views as are expressed in yours of the 28th. If there were no young players or amateurs, there would soon be no skilful players or professionals. We go in for giving the boys and the muffs a chance.

EQUESTRIAN DRAMA.—Charlotte Crampton was the first lady that ever performed "Mazeppa." She did it about seven years ago, at the old Chatham Theatre, in this city. She afterwards performed it in Boston. Kate Fisher was the second female Mazeppa.

ON THE QUIET, Boston.—1. Commence and exercise for ten minutes, and gradually increase every day—you can't have too much of it so long as the use does not give you pain or make your arms sore afterwards. 2. The hours you mention are good. 3. No. 4. A matter of opinion.

NONSENSE, Erie, Pa.—The *nom de plume* is well selected; for greater nonsense we have never heard of. The idea of you betting that you knew of a horse running a mile in *less* than a minute. Pay your bet and say no more about it; that's the best advice we can give you.

SUBSCRIBER, Covington, Ky.—The fight between Travers and Reardon lasted two days. They fought on the first day, July 15, 7r. in 37m., and on the second, July 16, 53r. in 245m., Reardon coming out victor.

PUGIL, Hamburgh.—1. *Bell's Life*, 6d. per copy; *Sporting Life*, 8d. per copy—they can be ordered through Wilmer & Rogers, Nassau street. 2. For skates see Woodham & Co.'s advertisement in another column.

A. B. M.'s U. S. S. Sea Foam.—1. No suit takes precedence over another in bluff. Two hands of equal value in every other respect, but differing in suit, tie. 2. Address some of our book advertisers for Hoyle.

PITTSBURGH.—Annie Eberle is at present the wife of Joseph O. Sefton. She was formerly the wife of Joseph Leonard. Mr. Leonard retired from the stage some time since, and was lately in this city.

THEATRICAL ENQUIRER, Boston.—The only way we know of by which you can learn what plays have been produced in Boston for the past four years, is to buy files of the CLIPPER for that period.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City, N. T., was opened July 2, 1863. "Money" was the opening piece. Junius Brutus Booth was in the company. McKean Buchanan was stage manager.

BELMONT.—As aforesaid very many times, a bettor does not necessarily lose because he bets on a certainty. He loses only in case that which he bets on proves to be to the contrary.

A. B. C., Pawtucket, R. I.—We hold to the opinion that, in playing poker or bluff, a player is not compelled to show his hand to any other than the one who calls him.

C. G. RUSSELL, Agent for the Ellinger and Foote Combination.—Your advertisement has been mislaid. Send another in time for next issue.

INQUISITIVE, Detroit.—In our answer to query No. 5, last week, we were mistaken in regard to the husbandship of the lady alluded to. The editor of the N. Y. *Era* is not her husband.

SENIOR, Roxbury, Mass.—To put an honorable construction on it, you lose; but technically, and by a strict construction of the verbiage, you win.

C. G., Johnstown.—Your opponent's ball should have been placed on the deep red's spot. If that was occupied, it should have been placed in the centre of the table.

LE NORD, N. Y.—The French carom game at billiards is frequently played here. Call on Melvin Foster, whose saloon is nigh unto your place of abode.

W. W.—We know of nothing that will remove ink stains that will not discolor the paper.

CLOGOPTIMUS, C. W.—You will find Mr. Roberts' address in another part of this paper.

BONTELLE, Detroit.—Charlotte Cushman has retired from the stage for the present, and is living in Rome.

ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.—The first representation of the "Gladiator" was Oct. 24, 1831, at the Arch, Philadelphia.

W. H. B., Titusville, Pa.—For game cocks see Ashford's advertisement in another column.

PITTSBURGH SUBSCRIBER.—Two miles in 4:56½ by the pacing horse Hero.

OLD CHEESE.—Sir Tatton Sykes, the great turf patron, did, we believe, engage in a prize fight when a young man.

SNOOKS, Philadelphia.—We do not know the exact age of the lady.

MOORE VERNER, Philadelphia.—Barry Sullivan did not, to the best of our knowledge, appear in that character in your city.

CHAS. H. C., Columbus.—They have retired from the stage and are at present living in this city.

F. J.—You can get Artemus Ward's book at Carleton's, Broadway and Lispenard street.

J. A. E., Philadelphia.—We do not know the party you mention.

CHAS. OPTIMUS, Boston.—1. The first play performed in the United States was called "The Countess of Salisbury," the afterpiece, "The Ghost." 2. The "Contrast," by Robert Tyler, was the first American play produced in New York, April 16, 1786. 3. The first Italian Opera Company arrived in America and gave its first performance, Oct. 29, 1825, at the old Park Theatre. 4. The Park Theatre, New York, was destroyed by fire Dec. 16, 1848.

C. H. S., Cincinnati.—1. The dealer is not entitled to any thing; in consequence of the mistake, the bets are off. A man cannot lose if he has no chance of winning. 2. Your question in cribbage is not very clear, but if your opponents' cards are played out, your three tens entitle you to nine points.

MANAGER, New Orleans.—Mr. J. H. Caldwell was running the Mobile, Ala., and St. Charles, New Orleans, theatres, in 1841. Ludlow and Smith were managers of the American, New Orleans, and St. Louis Theatre in Nov. 1841.

BANJO, Nashville.—Send a letter to Mr. Frank B. Converse, who advertises his address in the CLIPPER, and he will furnish you with all that is necessary to perfect yourself. He already has a book in print on the subject, which will be issued very soon.

NAVY, Philadelphia.—According to the spirit or the intention of the bet, A would win. The opposite argument is merely an evasion, and evasions are not countenanced by true sporting men.

CHAS. H., Atchison, Kansas.—1. There is no book published in this country on training running men. 2. The whereabouts of Fenton Harney, the Albany runner, is inquired for. Who knows?

MUSCLE, Syracuse, N. Y.—Address a note to box 4810, N. Y. P. O., and Prof. Dermody will send you written instructions as to how to use Kehoe's clubs.

P. L., Claremont, N. H.—On getting up in the morning, before going to bed at night, and between meals. See answer to "On the Quiet," Boston.

BONTO, Troy, N. Y.—Your letter came one day too late for our last issue. Write on Friday or Saturday.

ENCHANTED.—At the termination of their present engagement in California, the Richings intend returning to this city.

GEO. M., Philadelphia.—The CLIPPER of that date is out of print. Could not send you one at any price.

CHAS. H., 5th Art. Brigade, in front of Petersburgh.—Frank Burns has returned and still runs that saloon on Broadway.

M. K. AND S., Newark, N. J.—Billy Mulligan is not dead—at last accounts he was in California.

W. R., West Cambridge, Mass.—Jem Mace stands little over 5 feet 9 inches.

TOM ALLEN.—Sayers and King never fought as antagonists in the P. R.; Sayers is 38 years old.

A. W. C., Hamilton, C. W.—The money sent will pay for four insertions.

CONSTANT READER, Cleveland, O.—We know nothing of the parties, except that they paid for their advertisement.

LOYALA, Philadelphia.—1. They divide. 2. He is entitled to a sight for his money.

MIKE T.—Bob Travers fought and defeated Bill Hayes, May 13, 1857, for £100 a side in 78r. 5h. 45m.

MR. HELLER, East Saginaw.—Impossible for us to tell. Write to the War Department.

HOUSTON STREET.—Either of them can call the blind in their turn.

G. J., New York.—The surer the better. B wins, a "sure thing" to the contrary notwithstanding.

J. T. C. & Co., Chicago, Ill.—The money for the rejected advertisement was returned by mail.

J. E. J., Petersville, O. W.—The game is not played here; but one who says he knows, thinks that the first two stand out.

A CONSTANT READER, Erie.—96 Ninth Avenue is his address.

FRANK H., Cincinnati.—Write to the *Irish American*.

MCELROY, Trenton.—We can't do it.

A SUBSCRIBER, Dayton.—A must deal.

CAN'T GET OVER IT.

THE sporting press of London will never be able to recover from the mortification occasioned by the refusal of Mace to fight Coburn in Ireland. We are sorry for our trans-Atlantic friends, for the losses they sustained in sending one or two reporters to Dublin without reaping the great harvest they anticipated from the "fight in Ireland." One of them, the *Sporting Life*, is so very surly since that "fizzle," that it actually makes complaint against the NEW YORK CLIPPER, because, we presume, it sent a reporter to watch the "London Ring," and give the American public a true statement of events connected with the "last international." We regret that the *Sporting Life* should take its small losses so much to heart, and make manifest its knowledge of "Billingsgate and St. Giles literature" in such a remarkable degree, as it does in one of its recent issues. None but a London newspaper "rough" would commit such twaddle to print. Mace, it seems, was the *protege* of this "London rough" concern, and while there was a chance of making anything out of him, the concern stuck by him; when Mace changed his base from Dublin to London in such an unceremonious manner, it "rather went back" on the ex-champion, and did not even offer to assist the latter to get his cups and belt out of pawn. We pity the *Sporting Life*, we condole with its conductors in their sad bereavement. To be sure they lost some thousands of sheets of paper which had been printed on one side in anticipation of the "Fight in Ireland," but that is no fault of ours; if they do not understand business matters any better than to do such a foolish thing, they must expect to lose. We sent a reporter all the way from New York to Dublin, to watch the "London Ring," and the London press, and to assist in giving the Irish-American a "fair field;" the expenses of our representative had to be paid in gold when it was at 2:50; but we don't mind the loss of that much; we don't whine like the *Sporting Life*, and become surly and spiteful; not a bit of it; we have the satisfaction of knowing that our representative's presence in London and Ireland prevented Mace's "sure thing" prognostics from being fulfilled, and turned the tables completely upon the London roughs; if Mace desired a fair fight, he could have had it; if he was anxious for the assistance of the usual "outside crowd," or for a "free fight," he could have had *that*, too, in its most delightful form; but Mace evidently became discouraged, and accomplished with his heels what he was afraid to attempt with his fists—he got out of it with much loss, including cups, belts, and other "trophies," and in his fall brought to grief the "gentlemanly" roughs of the London sporting press, in addition to the pile of "advance sheets" printed on one side. No, no, our London friends do not look at this matter in its proper light; they take a *dismal* view of it; they put us in mind of a Wall street bull, who, in operating for a rise, forgot that there *might* be a fall. The *Sporting Life* abuses us in its fall; soundly berates the CLIPPER; talks very saucily about American journalists generally, and winds up with a peroration worthy of Solomon. We forgive it for what it says about the CLIPPER; as old Pecksniff—another English character—would say, "We are not angry," but we don't want it to abuse others—war might grow out of it, and what then? Let the *Life* take things more philosophically, ask our pardon for the cruel things it says of us, and "we may be happy yet."

CONUNDRUM FOR THE RING.—Why did Jem Mace object to Coburn's nominee for referee? Because he was a see fair-ing man.

CAN'T MARCH.—A "far-seeing," shrewd, and observing correspondent of that neutral paper, the London *Times*, writing in Columbia, S. C., in September, after saying that Sherman had lost *two-thirds* of his army in his movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta, remarks that "there is no hesitation in stating that Gen. Sherman is unable to prosecute his march," and could not advance any further. Wonder what this "shrewd" chappy will have to say now, after learning that the Federal army has made one of the greatest marches on record. Can't advance, eh? However, just such stories, and just such "reliable news" has the London concern been giving its readers ever since the war broke out.

ALMOST TWENTY-ONE!—There have been so many highway robberies, street assaults, etc., within the past few months, that the authorities are at length beginning to realise the necessity of doing something to prevent their repetition. One day last week, Wm. Hennessen was convicted of highway robbery. In passing sentence, Judge Russell remarked that this "was the first case brought before him since he has been on the bench this year, and therefore he would not inflict such severe punishment on the offender as he would hereafter in similar cases." And what do you think he gave the "young feller?" *Twenty years and six months in the State Prison!* Wonder what the chaps will get who are *not* favored?

A NEW YACHT, named the Calypso, was to have been launched on the 5th inst., from the shipyard of J. & E. P. Beckwith, New London, Ct. The Calypso is a schooner of 140 tons, designed and built by James W. Miller, of New London, and is expected to be the finest and fastest vessel of her kind afloat. We hope the builder's and owner's anticipations may be fully realized. We gratefully acknowledge an invitation to be present.

GAME FOWLS.—Those wishing to procure game fowl of the best strains, than which none are more profitable to keep, should make a note of J. R. Ashford's advertisement in another column.

ALL QUIET.—Since Sherman started on his excursion through Georgia all is quiet in Richmond, the newspaper lines being carefully drawn in and well guarded at all points. Let Southern "Constant Readers" and "Anxious Inquirers" have a little patience—when the excursion is ended, full particulars will be given them through Northern sources.

MR. GENERAL HOOD put his foot into it again, the other day, in Tennessee. Brother Schedeld having given him a pressing invitation to "git up and git," the party of the second part danced up to their partners in a lively manner, and for a few hours there was a right pretty little sociable. Another little affair was looked forward to with much interest by the Nashvillains.

PICKING UP.—R. Ten Broeck, who went to England some years ago to take down the racing men of that country, but didn't do it much, is every now and then picking up a small stake. The last mails report him as winning a couple of races at Shrewsbury. There's nothing like perseverance. Mr. Ten Broeck may some day carry off "the blue ribband of the turf."

THE PENNSYLVANIA BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP match takes place on Tuesday, December 13th, at Philadelphia, between Victor Estephe, the present Champion, and Robert T. Ryall. Tickets of admission are fixed at $1. Ryall must have a good deal of courage to throw down the gauntlet to one who is and always has been victor.

THE SKATING SEASON will soon be with us, no doubt, notwithstanding the mild and beautiful weather that has prevailed for some days past. The lads and lasses who are fond of this exhilarating sport should be looking for a good pair of skates to fit them; and while prosecuting their search, should give Messrs. Woodham & Winans their first call. Their address will be found in an advertisement in another column.

DOG LAW.—What a pity the dog law is not in operation just now, for then the rebel dogs who correspond for the London press would have to be muzzled, or "go under." There may be a necessity to make a special law to reach their cases. We shall see.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH holds its annual fair at the City Assembly Rooms, from December 1st to the 10th. As the fair is held for charitable purposes, it is to be hoped that it will be largely attended. Tickets for the season are only one dollar each.

A BONEFACK.—Jim Sadler, the well-known cricketer, has become mine host at No. 25 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

THE STARLIGHT SOCIAL CLUB hold their second grand masquerade and fancy dress carnival at Gothic Hall, Brooklyn, on the 19th inst.

THREE BEAUTIFULLY CARVED SETTS OF CHINESE CHESSMEN, just imported from Canton, are for sale at a bargain, and may be seen for two days at No. 142 Cherry street. 35-1t*

THE TURF.

NOVEL TROTTING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

A LADY HANDLES THE RIBBONS.

A novel trot came off on the 30th ult., over the Flora Temple Trotting Course, Baltimore, Md., which attracted an immense concourse, a great portion of whom were of the fair sex. The trot was a match against time for a purse of $500. The horse driven was Hiram Temple, formerly the property of the late Wm. McDonald, and was driven in a common road wagon by Mrs. Col. Dickey. The wager was that the lady was to trot the horse one mile in three minutes, and to have three trials. At three o'clock the lady appeared on the track with her team, and at the word "go," she uttered a few words to her noble animal, and away he sped with fearful velocity. At the half-mile score those persons who staked their money in favor of the lady winning appeared somewhat doubtful, as it was evident that Hiram would not reach the score at the allotted time. Their speculations proved correct, as he passed the stand in 3:17. Sufficient time being given the animal to cool off and be rubbed, he was started for the second trial. This time he reached the score in 3:01. At the start on the last trial, the lady grasped the ribbons in true style, and dashed away at a furious rate. Upon passing the half-mile score it was apparent to every person present that she would reach the starting point in season, which she did in 2:53, amid the cheering of all present. The fair driver, upon alighting from her buggy, was greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies, and hearty applause from the gentlemen. This is the only race on record where a lady has endeavored to get ahead of time. Upon the result of the trot being announced, Mrs. Col. Dickey was handed $500 by the judges.

RACING IN DENVER CITY.

Our Colorado friends had a little sport in the way of racing on the 12th of November, on the Denver Track, when there was a large attendance.

THE FIRST RACE was for running horses, single dash of a mile, purse $75, won by Charley Ward's b. m. Red Bird, in 1:59¾. Watson's b. g. Raven took the lead from the word go, for the first three-quarters of a mile, until which time the r. g. Rocky Mountain Boy was next; but speedily the bay mare flies in front, and wins the race and purse. Dun's g. g. Grey Squirrel followed fourth, with Richabaug's b. m. Jenny Lind last.

THE SECOND RACE, for trotting and pacing horses, mile heats, best three in five, to harness, for a purse of $200, was won by Wm. R. Ford's b. c. Denver. This race was a beautiful one throughout, and attracted everybody's admiration. George Estabrook's b. g. Navajoe, pacer; Mr. Sprague's r. g. Evergreen, trotter, and Ford's b. c. Denver (the Page colt), were called up for the first heat, and after having scored a few times, took an even start, pacer and trotters having very nearly an even thing to the half mile pole, which was reached in 1:25, after which Navajoe and Evergreen broke, and Denver took the heat in 3:00, closely joined by Navajoe.

Second Heat—The colt had the inside track, and after several attempts at scoring, all got off together. The colt breaking during the first quarter, Navajoe took the track, after which the colt slowly closed the gap by the time the half mile pole was reached, and from thence to the score was the prettiest neck and neck race between these two metaled equines which anybody would wish to see, resulting in a dead heat. Time, 3:02.

Third Heat—After the first quarter Navajoe took the lead, but was overtaken by Denver at the half mile pole, from whence they sped charmingly, shoulder to shoulder, until nearing the stand, when the pony broke and the colt came in a little ahead, in 3:01½, Evergreen being distanced in this heat.

Fourth Heat—This was a very closely contested heat till they both reached the home stretch, when the pony broke, letting the colt come in the winner of the heat and race, in 2:58, but with so close and gallant tugging by the bay Navajoe that 'twas hard to blame him for the odds he lost. Indeed, for a while on the second heat, it was thought that he would have it.

The Mule Race—Between the first and second heats of the trotting and pacing contest, a couple of mules, with eyes glistening for a chance to go to score, and with spherical abdomens, treacherous tails and ears, indicative of anything but traits of amiability, started for a single dash of a mile, the brown taking the lead from the score and keeping it until within 20 feet of the outcome, when the sorrel made a brush and won the $25 pool by about as many inches, in 2:47, the race making a great deal of sport for all around, and only excelling in grotesqueness a race between two superannuated Cherokee steers that was once witnessed in New Mexico.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

Two trotting events, in all probability the last of the season, came off on the above course, on Wednesday, the 30th ult., and were well attended by trotting sports. The weather was delightfully fine, and the track in such splendid condition that Hiram Woodruff, to prove how fast it was, offered to take a horse out of his stable, and drive a mile in 2:30 then and there. The first race was a match for $400, two mile heats, between H. Woodruff's g. g. Tom, to 125 lbs. wagon, and D. Pfifer's sorrel mare, in harness. The former won, distancing the mare in the first heat, in 5:47¾.

The second race was a match for $500, mile heats, to wagons, between two Fourth Ward horses, Mr. James White's br m. Sally-Come-Up (formerly owned by the late Alderman McMahon), and M. Carroll's g. m. Lady Ella. The latter won in two straight heats, but the judges (Messrs. Jake Sommerindyke and Robert Walker), without announcing any reason for such a decision, declared all bets off, and the mare the winner of the race. We give the summary:—

UNION COURSE, L. I, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30.—Match $400, two mile heats.

H. Woodruff named g g Tom, to 125 lb. wagon 1
D. Pfifer named s m ——, in harness ..... dis.

TIME.		
First Mile.	*Second Mile.*	*Total.*
2:46	3:01¾	5:47¾

SAME DAY.—Match $500, mile heats, to wagon.

Mr. Carroll named g m Lady Ella 1 1
Mr. White named br m Sally-Come-Up 2 2

TIMES.		
Quarter.	*Half.*	*Mile.*
First heat 43	1:27	2:51
Second heat.....40	1:22	2:45

TROTTING IN WASHINGTON.

On Tuesday, Nov. 27, there was a trotting match on the National Course, Washington, D. C., to wagons, for $2000 a side, mile heats, best three in five, between the celebrated trotting horses, Cale Mitchell and Keyport. The day was beautiful and the track in excellent condition. On the horses coming upon the track they showed they were in splendid condition, and on getting the word they started off, Cale Mitchell taking the lead and winning the heat without a break in 2:46 by about two lengths. The second heat was also won by Cale Mitchell in 2:45¼. The third heat was won by Keyport in 2:49 by about a head. James Ward, Cale Mitchell's driver, met with an accident after this heat, and his place was filled by Caleb W. Mitchell. The fourth heat was a splendid heat—a blanket would have covered both horses until within about fifty yards of the score, when Keyport broke and Cale Mitchell won the heat and race, the time being 2:48¾. A great deal of money changed hands on the race, the betting being $100 to $80 on Cale Mitchell previous to starting, and before the third heat it was $100 to $25. The brown gelding, Cale Mitchell, was purchased by Edward Lilly, of Washington, of Wm. Caleb Moon, of the Lake House, Saratoga Springs. He is about 15 hands high, and was 7 years old last spring. He bids fair to stand A No. 1 among trotting horses, never having trotted a race until Mr. Lilly placed him under the care of the celebrated trainer and driver, James Ward. It is stated that he has already won nine races, having never been beaten.

HORSE DU COMBAT.—The original and famous pacing horse Roanoke, owned for the last nine years by Mr. Robert D. Kramer, of Allentown, Pa., died recently at J. Lovett's stables in Tamaqua, of general debility. Roanoke was taken there from New York in the year 1855, and at the time of his death was about 32 years of age. Old as he was he repeatedly made his mile during the past summer in 2:42. It is claimed for him that he, in 1851, on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, made his mile in 2:19½. This we very much question, or if accomplished by him, it must have been in private trial, and not in a public match. If it were true, Flora Temple's fastest time of 2:19¾, that has hitherto been deemed the quickest ever made, would be a quarter of a second behind time, and "we rather guess that aint so."

THE TRIGGER.

BLACK ROCK DAM SHOOTING CLUB.—The sixth annual match of the Black Rock Dam Shooting Club took place at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 22d ult. The day was very unfavorable, owing to the high winds and cold atmosphere. The contestants in the match were as follows:

SIDE ONE.	SIDE TWO.
Capt. H. A. Swartz,	Capt. Robert Scott,
Frederick Kinley,	John Quackenbush,
Robert Ambrose,	James Delaney,
Peter Nettles,	Dr. C. L. Dayton,
Galusha Parsons,	M. A. Hurlbert,
John Dickson,	M. R. Hubbard,
George Talbot,	Lewis Koppler,
Dr. L. P. Dayton,	David Bell,
Richard Taylor,	Jacob Merckle.

The rules of the match were that the shooting should all be done on Tuesday, Nov. 22d, and that no game should be counted after 12 o'clock Tuesday night, and that all game should be present when the count was made. In order to get a variety of game, members of both parties went upon the river and also in the woods and fields. At 12 o'clock at night on Tuesday, the counts were called, and resulted in Capt. Swartz's side having twenty-two counts more than the other party, which gave them the match under the rules of the Club. There were members from both sides who did not hunt at all, for various reasons, and some on Side No. Two who were unable to report until Wednesday morning.

SIDE ONE	COUNT	SIDE TWO	COUNT
Parsons and Kinsley	17	John Quackenbush	9 ducks,
ducks, 2 red squirrels	70	3 black squirrels	54
Nettles and L P Dayton		Jas Delaney	8 black squirrels,
14 ducks, 1 red squirrel	...57	3 quails, 21 red squirrels	..81
Taylor and Swartz	5 blk	C L Dayton	2 ducks.....8
squirrels, 4 red do, 1 duck	.38		
Total	165	Total	143

The above was the count at 12 o'clock at night. Capt. Scott and Mr. Bell brought in 42 quail on Wednesday morning, containing 160, which would have made his side 233. Quail counted 4, black squirrel 6, red squirrel 1, duck 4, rabbit 8, crow 15, partridge 12, fox 20, mud hen 6, woodcock 8, snipe 4, and plover 5.

There were six who shot and reported on Side 1, and five who shot and reported on Side 2.

The quail were retained by the club, the winning party sustaining a proportionate share of the supper expenses on account thereof.

It was no day for river shooting at all, as the decoys would not keep in place on either side, and duck shooting was next to impossible. The shooting being limited to one day only, the parties were obliged to remain near at home, on grounds heretofore pretty well shot over.

On Friday night, Nov. 25, the cloth was spread by Capt. John Quackenbush, of Masonic Hall, North Buffalo. Joseph Frew, Esq., assisted by William Wiggins, were the caterers upon the occasion. Covers were laid for forty persons, a number of distinguished gentlemen from abroad being present, among whom were Hon. J. H. Humphrey, Capt. Muzzy, C. S. Macomber, Joseph Warren, Esq., J. A. Chase, Adam Fleeman, Henry Zilgel, G. W. Vining, from Buffalo and vicinity; Mr. Newbigging, Capt. Alonzo Quackenbush and others, from Canada. The following civil officers of the club were present: Ancient Nimrod, Dr. L. P. Dayton; Chief Bugler and Trainer, G. W. Vining; Assistant Bugler and Trainer, Thomas Patchell; Ancient Cup Bearer, J. Frew; Ancient Game Keeper, J. Quackenbush; Ancient Pilgrim and Harpist, George Talbot; Ancient Captains, Swartz and Scott. A very happy time was indulged in, and ample justice done to the viands and supper, and the members of the club parted with the only wish that the next annual match may find each one ready to fill his seat at the sound of the first bugle note.

BALL PLAY.

Jim Saddler.

The famous single-wicket Cricket player and Violinist, has opened an OYSTER SALOON, on the European system, at
NO. 25 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN,
where he would be glad to meet any of his numerous friends. Everything most "recherche," Call and see him. 35-1t*

BASE BALL AT YORKVILLE.

The return match between the Oceana Base Ball Club, of New York, and Keystone Base Ball Club, of Boiling Springs, N. J., took place on Thanksgiving Day, on the Rutgers base ball club ground, 86th street, Yorkville. Some excellent playing was displayed on the part of Pallister, of the Oceana, and May, of the Keystone. Home runs were made by Messrs. Goodwin, Osborn, and Campion. Nine fly-catches were made in the field by Rice, of the Keystone. Below is the score:

BATTING.

OCEANA.	H.L.	R.	KEYSTONE.	H.L.	R.
Pallister, c	3	4	May, c	6	1
Goodwin, p	2	4	Morgan, p	6	0
Doudge, 1st b	3	3	Sullivan, 1st b	3	2
Thompson, 2d b	2	3	Brower, 2d b	4	1
Vaughan, 3d b	5	1	McFlimsey, 3d b	2	2
Osborn, s s	3	3	Gaus, s s	2	1
Campion, l f	5	2	Huner, l f	2	2
Dixon, c f	2	3	Droge, r f	2	2
Richards, r f	2	4	Burgess, c f	1	3
Total	27		Total	14	

Umpire—Mr. Richard Goodwin, of the Star B. B. Club, of Goshen, N. Y.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS.—For Sale—Two nice Rosewood TABLES, MARBLE TOP, size 5½ by 11. City maker. All complete and in perfect order. Price about $200 each. Apply at No. 185 Grand street, in the Barber's Shop. 34-2t*

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.—The match for the billiard championship of America and the golden cue between Dudley Kavanaugh and Wm. Goldthwait, as well as the more tangible stake of $1,000, is now definitely fixed to come off on Wednesday, 21st inst. The scene of the contest will be the Hippotheatron, in 14th street, provided that building can be engaged for the evening. There is little or no speculation on the match, the annoying delay that has occurred in its taking place, and the strange apathy and indifference as to its being played at all, that both Kavanagh and Goldthwait have manifested, having destroyed any interest that the general public may have felt in the affair.

BILLIARDS IN WILLIAMSBURG.—A short time ago, a very elegant and commodious billiard room was opened in Williamsburg, in which were placed three billiard tables of the eminent manufacturers, Messrs. Phelan and Collender, being the first of their make which had been introduced in that city. This circumstance excited the ire and jealousy of the rival manufacturers of billiard tables resident in Williamsburg, and almost every week since secret attempts to disfigure and permanently injure the tables have been made, such as cutting off the pockets and portions of the cushions, tearing the cloth, etc., to the great annoyance and loss of the proprietors. Such miserable attempts to injure a successful business rival always recoil on the guilty parties.

DEERY'S RESPONSE TO FOSTER.—Washington, D.C., Dec. 3, 1864. EDITOR CLIPPER:—Having learned that Mr. Melvin Foster of your city is desirous of playing me a match at billiards, I hereby challenge him to meet me in this city thirty days from his acceptance of this challenge, to play for two hundred and fifty dollars a side, the game to be fifteen hundred points, caroms, on a four pocket Phelan table. The match to be played in a suitable hall, Mr. Foster to receive fifty dollars for his expenses.—Yours truly, JOHN DEERY.

THE RING.

JEM MACE'S FUTURE INTENTIONS.

The Gipsy and his "Clerk" Threaten to Visit America.

A SOUVENIR (?) TO HARRY BRUNTON.

HE AND MACE STILL AT LOGGERHEADS.

THE EX-CHAMPION THINKS HE KNOWS A THING OR TWO.

EVERY impartial man on this side of the Atlantic is satisfied that Mace has acted in a sneaking, dishonorable, cowardly manner, from the time the match was made between himself and Coburn until he "cut his stick," with his tail between his legs, the night before the day he was to have met and fought Joe Coburn on Irish soil. It is in vain for his organ to try and bolster him up and pat him on the back, as our amiable friends of the *Sporting Life* have been trying to do, for say what they may, his character for honor and integrity has been ruined long ago, never to be recovered. We know Mace's avaricious disposition too well—he loves money, and will do almost anything to become possessed of it. Having got all the notoriety he can get, which has been of little use to him, from this time his "lay out" is how to become possessed of a few pounds, which at the present time he stands sadly in need of. Everybody on the other side is aware of this. The *Illustrated Sporting News* of Nov. 19 contains the following paragraph relative to the future intentions of Jem Mace:—

"Mace states his intention to visit the States (in fact, we believe he is under an engagement to do so), for a three months' sparring tour. He says that he shall wait until the fight for the championship between Wormald and Marsden is settled, when, whoever may be the conqueror, he shall at once post £100 to meet the winner, for the belt and £200, according to the conditions, or as much more as the holder of the belt may say 'done' to. This important preliminary settled, he will in America pass half the time out of the six months within which time the championship encounter between himself and either Andrew or Joe must take place. Mace will be accompanied by another big 'un, upon whom he can perform his handiwork; and also by two of the lightweights—we believe Peter Morris and Young Lead—and it is said that it will be a real 'sensation' for the Yankees. We have no doubt that he will receive a hearty reception, for so assured are we of the good will of our cousins across the Atlantic, that the spirit of fair play will be dominant, and the gallant Jem be the lion during his stay. Mr. Montague will, as usual, be the *deus Achates* of Mace on his visit."

Mace and his particular friend, the editor of the *Sporting Life*, are laboring under the impression that Coburn is still in Ireland, and for effect, the ex-champion declares his intention of seeking out Master Joe; but when he (Mace) *does* go to Ireland, we shall hear of it (in a horn!) Here's what the *Life* has to say about things:

"THE LATE MACE AND COBURN 'EMBARRASSMENT.'—This matter is now fast dying out, and it were wisely well that it should be buried in oblivion. Mace and Brunton still disagree as to pecuniary matters, but that in the end will come to nothing. *Jem is quite cognisant that Coburn is still sojourning in his native isle of Erin*, and has publicly announced his intention of revisiting Dublin in a fortnight's time."

This isn't bad, when it was known all through Ireland that Coburn left Queenstown for New York nearly two months ago.

That Harry Brunton, who has acted the most honorable of any in the whole affair, is not done with yet, may be learned from another paragraph from the *Sporting News*, which brings to light the manner of "Souvenir," gotten up for the bold Irish second's particular benefit:

"The host of the George and Dragon received a *peremptory* order on the 16th of November that unless £47 8s 3d for goods &c. The goods supplied for the above amount were the 'standards of battle' of the 'gallant Jem Mace,' towards which Harry Brunton has only received £11 for some of the colors he disposed of. Harry shook his head and said it was hard, but as

when it was made public, and had it not been for Father Tovee's exertions in distributing bills and talking the exhibition up, it wouldn't have been half so good as it was. The following named boxers participated: McMullen and Grady, Jim Kerrigan and Costello, Fitz and Bill Bennett, Jem Fox and Billy Doyle, Darby Kelly and Billy Dwyer, of California, and for the wind-up, Ed Toohey and Pat Cronin.

JOHNNY HEALEY, of the Phœnix Saloon, Worcester, Mass., was in town last week, seeing the sights.

ARREST OF BILLY DWYER.—This young man, matched with Jim Dunn, was arrested on Saturday at his training quarters, and bound over, at the instigation of his mother, we are informed. Whether this will "squash" the matter or not we are not in a position to say.

A COBURN MAN SERIOUSLY STABBED.—Mr. Nicholas Walsh, of 35 Whitechapel, Liverpool, at whose house the American party, including our reporter, received such kind treatment during their stay there, has, we regret to learn, been dangerously stabbed by a cowardly ruffian, believed to be in the interest of Mace, and it is thought his injuries will prove fatal. Luckily the would-be assassin has been arrested, and stands a good chance of swinging.

JEM MACE A DEAD COCK IN THE PIT.—An American in England writing to us from thence, says:—"Coburn has knocked all the fight and reputation out of Mace in this country, for the man seems to be perfectly forgotten since he ran away from Dublin. He has been up to his eyes in law suits and such like troubles, had to spout his cup and belts and is going about almost begging for a shilling. Mace is suing Brunton, and Brunton's suing Mace. Mace calls Brunton a thief, and Brunton swears that Mace is a coward, and between one thing and another, the 'cleverest man in England' has got himself into a complete hobble." As we have said before, all this comes from his running away from Coburn.

JOHNNY DRUMGOOLE gives a sparring entertainment at the Stuyvesant, on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, when a good night's fun may be looked forward to.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.....$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " ..... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from..... $3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 35-tf

THE WHITE HOUSE,
No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality. SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW. Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN & CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
32 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE,
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
126 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
34-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS.....Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, are kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 28-3m*

Rocky Moore & Barney Friday,
Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

Arbor House,
NO. 5 SEDGWICK, ONE DOOR FROM COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN.
JOHNNY KEATING & MIKE J. HEARN.....Proprietors.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars constantly on hand. Sparring Lessons given every Monday and Wednesday evening by Johnny Keating. All SPORTING INFORMATION to be learned at this House. 29-3m*

The Greenroom,
No. 221 CENTRE STREET,
Three doors from Grand street, New York.
THOMPSON & WRAY, PROPRIETORS.
The best of
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.
GEO. W. THOMPSON. 32-4t* WM. WRAY.
N. B.—Two first class Club Rooms to let.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

Sample Rooms,
22 ELM STREET, BOSTON.
FENTON & DOLE.....Proprietors.
Constantly on hand, the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [35-6m] A. S. DOLE.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

JOE WORMALD AND ANDREW MARSDEN.—The representatives of these advocates for the Championship went through the formal ceremony of posting £10 each, on Thursday evening, Nov. 17, at Bos Tyler's, Osborne street, Whitechapel, in the presence of a large body of East-enders. Marsden, however, did not show, having promised his attendance at Alec Keene's, Moor street, Soho, on the same evening, in company with Bob Travers. There was no betting upon the match, nor is it likely that a blow will be struck in this respect until verging upon "boxing day." Neither of the combatants have yet gone into active training. The Nottingham claimant to the Belt previously held by Ben Caunt and the eccentric pugilistic angler, Bendigo, will be associated with Ilea (better known as Hicks' Big 'un) when he leaves for his country quarters near "Merrie Sherwood." In justice to both of them, it may be said that they have been carefully paving the way for their final term of preparation. The next deposit, of £10 a side, had to be made on Thursday, Nov. 24, at Alec Keene's, KENNY, THE BOOTBLACK, AND TOM STREET, FIGHT AT CATCH WEIGHT. FOR £40, ON NOV. 15th.

This match, which was only made on the 10th of November, has, from its formation up to the day of battle, excited unusual interest; both lads being well known as clippers in the provinces. Street, whose quiet demeanor has ensured him hosts of friends, comes of an ancient family of bruisers, being a nephew of the well-known Hammer Lane. He stands some 5ft. 6in. in height, weighing about 8st 10lb, and has just reached his majority. He has figured in several engagements with continued success. Kenny is the *beau ideal* of a boxer, and claims for his native soil, the Emerald Isle. He stands a trifle under Street, but this disadvantage is counter-balanced by his being several pounds the heavier man. In point of age there is but little difference. He was first brought, some three years ago, into public notice by Bodger Crutchley and Bob Brettle, when he defeated, after a game struggle, Sid Jennens, a pugilist at that time of no mean pretensions. He subsequently met and defeated Young Cookey, of Birmingham, since which time he has suffered two years' incarceration for being concerned in a "little mill." The off-hand character of the match precluded the possibility of training. A referee having been appointed by the stakeholder (a course worthy of imitation) on Monday evening, the combatants, with their friends and seconds, at an early hour the following morning, repaired to the selected spot, Haymill Valley, where, the coast being found free from the "powers that be," the ring was speedily formed, which Kenny at once entered, quickly followed by Street. At eight o'clock the man got to business.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The condition of the lads was eagerly scanned by their partisans, and it was evident that Kenny's friends, who had previously backed his claim at 6 to 4, were anything but satisfied, as they now showed a reluctance to lay out their money at evens, inasmuch as Street's form, which, considering the time he had had to get himself "fit," strongly contrasted in his favor, reflecting credit on his trainer, Tom Lane. The attitude and cool confidence of the men showed they were no novices. Tom, who stood *a la* Bendigo, with his right leg foremost, and his left arm as a guard, was the first to commence by shooting out his right as a "feeler," but Kenny got cleverly away from danger. A look and a rub brought them together again, when they both countered scientifically, Street on the ivories with his left, drawing blood (first event for Tom), and Kenny with interest on the side of the head. Some brilliant exchanges at short range ensued; they fought to a close, Tom at the finish slipping down. His spikes were short, and the grass being exceedingly long and slippery must account for his having kissed mother earth so.

2. Both up eagerly to the call of time, apparently enjoying the fun amazingly. At work at once, hammer and tongs, both fighting for the knowledge-box without any material advantage on either side. At the finish, both came to earth, side by side.

3. On coming up, the visitations in the last bout were plainly visible, Kenny's upper lip being slightly out of shape, and Tom's right eye considerably flushed. Some fine remembrancers brought the lads to a close, when Tom got down cautiously.

4. The blows in this bout, which were given and received with indomitable pluck, from their heavy nature, resounded all over the ring. Some good, hard punishing on both sides was finished by Kenny being forced through the ropes.

5 and 6. Both short. After an exchange of blows, Tom sought relief on the cold ground.

7 to 10. It was "bellows to mend" on the lads coming up, both husbanding their strength by long and tedious sparring; at last, Tom's blood being worked up, he made a rush at his man, who cleverly avoided by jumping back. Some pretty sparring followed, first one and then the other being down at the finish. So evenly, up to this stage, were the fortunes of war balanced, that even money was laid on the result.

11 to 14 were characterised by much caution and some fine science, Tom throughout, however, showing signs of weakness by his falling down to avoid; he was evidently on the saving system.

15 to 25. At the commencement of these bouts, and up to the last, it was truly astonishing how Tom recovered his strength, as in the previous three he was decidedly "shaky," all the fight appearing to have gone out of him, but at this juncture he rallied, to the surprise of all, and completely turned the tide of affairs in his favor. Still, it must not be understood that his opponent (than whom a gamer and more persevering lad never stripped) was idle, as he fought against fate with praiseworthy courage.

After a few exchanges, a very questionable gentleman, "dressed in a little brief authority," made his appearance, and stopped the fight. An hour's ride backwards brought the combatants to the stakeholder's; that official named the Soap-works on the Dudley Canal as the second rendezvous, and here an attempt was made to form a ring, but the police were again on the *qui vive*, and a hasty retreat had to be beat. The affair still remains in abeyance. The battle lasted just forty minutes.

GAME BATTLE IN THE HOME CIRCUIT
BETWEEN
YOUNG RILEY AND McKAY.

THESE aspirants to fistic fame met on Monday morning, Nov. 14, to contend in an off-hand catch-weight match for a tanner. McKay has nothing in the boxing line to his account beyond a mere rough turn-up or two. He is not yet 20, stands nearly 5ft 8in, and weighed on the present occasion a shade over 11st; he is muscular and well developed, and hailed from Mr. Boyce's, Houndsditch. Owing to the short period between the ratification of the match and the appearance in the field, he was in anything but right form for an encounter of the kind, and much too fleshy. Riley, who is a civil lad, stands 5ft 6½in, he is now 19 years of age, and has once appeared within the ropes on Christmas last with Young Collins, whom he defeated. Doubtless, seeing the advisability of getting himself in something like form to meet a man considerably bigger than himself, he appears to have paid considerable attention to his training for the short time at command, as he looked in very fine condition, and had the appearance of much hardiness and endurance. He was backed from George Brown's, Whitecross-street, and was fortunate in winning the toss for choice of place, when he very wisely selected Aldershott, for which place a start was made from London-bridge as early as 6:15 A. M. Having arrived, and finding matters "all serene," a cross country journey was commenced, when, having found a convenient spot, the ropes and stakes were prepared, and McKay shied in his canister, but was not long kept waiting for company. He had for his seconds Tom Tyler and Young Baldock, Mickey Gannon, and Mike Cocklin being behind Riley. The lads faced each other at ten minutes past ten, when Riley "opened the ball" in a most spirited manner, getting well on the dial of his opponent, and causing him to stand back for consideration. In the third bout, Riley obtained first blood from a fine shot on the nose, and he continued to take a decided lead for the first half dozen rounds, when the fast fighting told on him, and reduced matters more to a level; in the thirteenth round he obtained the award from the referee of the second event, although it could scarcely be called a fair knock down. From this point, McKay's superior strength, despite his bad condition, began to turn the tables in his favor, as Riley gradually became weaker. In the 27th round, McKay invested a round-arm hit on the side of the head, which dropped Master Riley, although this was scarcely a fair knock down. The game lad, who certainly fought remarkably well, and gave much satisfaction to his backers, continued to come up round after round, although his left peeper was entirely closed, his right damaged, his mouth swelled, and he bore the marks of considerable body punishment, until in a state of much physical prostration, at the conclusion of the 33d round, his seconds gave in for him, after contending 1h 40min. McKay had scarcely a mark. 5 to 4 was repeatedly offered before the commencement of hostilities on McKay, but no business done.

FIGHTS IN THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT.—Two fistic encounters were recently brought to a conclusion there. On Monday, Nov. 16, the Fancy mustered in strong force at Astley, on Chat Moss, the scene of several encounters, to witness the fight between two young novices, named Prior and Rogers, when, after a game and determined contest, occupying one hour and seven minutes, during which time 16 rounds were got through, the sponge was thrown up for Rogers, and Prior was hailed the winner. Both lads were much punished, and at the finish fell extremely weak. A few days before Sam Fleming and Tom Potts, both of the cotton metropolis, met at Clayton Bridge, a quiet cozy spot, to decide their little grievances for £5 a side, at catch-weight. Ned Quinn and a friend seconded Fleming, whilst Potts was enquired by Harry Carter and his brother. This being their first appearance within the cords, of course some allowance must be made, but both lads fought away ding-dong for 1 hour and 6 minutes, and 25 rounds, when Potts was compelled to cry a "go," and Fleming was consequently hailed the victor of an exceedingly game battle. The punishment on both sides was very heavy. The betting was 6 to 4 on the loser.

BORDER WARFARE.—An off-hand fight took place near Portsmouth on Tuesday, Nov. 15, between Tom Barnes and Charley Border, both of Landport, for £5 a side, at catch-weight. Barnes, who was defeated last July by George Baker, is twenty-six years old (ten years younger than Border). Both were about 5 ft. 11 inches in height, and nearly 13 stone each. The men fought at an early hour, a few miles from Portsmouth. Border was the favorite in the betting. Barnes took a decided lead, and punished his man severely in almost all directions; but, in the fifth round, Border landed the only good hit he made—a terrific cross-counter with the right, which brought Barnes down all of a heap. Barnes, however, nothing daunted, and, to the surprise of all, gamely came up, took another strong lead, and administered some terrific punishment about poor Border's head. At the end of the tenth round, Border's friends, seeing he had no chance, very properly gave in for him—much against his will. Border was much punished about the head, while Barnes had scarcely a mark. The fight lasted 14¼ minutes.

BATCH AND ANTHONY, FOR £10, NEAR SWANSEA.—On Tuesday, Nov. 15, Henry Batch and William Anthony fought for £5 a side, at catch weight, on a spot known as the Jews' Burial Ground, near Swansea. Both men fought very gamely, but Anthony appeared to be somewhat the better man. When 12 rounds had been fought, the blues put in an appearance and stopped the mill. However, it was agreed they should meet the next day, when Batch appeared in the ring at the place appointed, and, Anthony not showing, Batch received the stakes. Henry Batch, it is stated, is open to fight any novice in Wales, for £5, £10 or £15 a side.

THE F. B. IN THE NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday, Nov. 14, a merry fight took place near Newcastle-on-Tyne between two local pugs, for £20 a side, at 10st. Bitson gained the first blood in the first round, and the first knock down blow in the fifteenth round. In all, 42 rounds were fought in 1h 2min, when the sponge was thrown up for M'Gork, and Bitson was declared the winner. The betting at the commencement was 6 to 4 on M'Gork, but after the seventh round similar odds were laid upon Bitson.

JOE GOSS is out with a challenge to fight any man in England at from 148 to 151lbs., for £100 or £200 a side, or Broome at catch weight for the same amount.

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Begins at 7¼.
EVERY NIGHT,
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGOON,
BY JOHN SEFTON, ESQ.
MRS. JOHN WOOD
as
ST. GEORGE.
THE NEW LONDON SUCCESS,
MILKY WHITE,
with
NEW SCENERY and a
SPLENDID CAST,
EVERY NIGHT.
NEXT MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12,
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK,
now playing in London with great success, will be produced for the first time here,
A NEW FAIRY SPECTACLE
is in active preparation.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN,
ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 7½.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY, DEC. 5th, 1864,
First appearance this season of the
GREAT COMEDIANS,
and original impersonators of
IRISH AND YANKEE LIFE,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
who will appear in Charles Gayler's very successful Irish drama, entitled
THE CONNIE SOOGAH.
Produced with all its
ORIGINAL SPLENDOR AND COMPLETENESS.
MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS
as Corney McGrath and the Connie Soogah, with the songs of "Ellen Astore" and "Welcome All."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as the Junpin Jewel.
Miss Freeman, Mary Wells, Andrew Reeves; Messrs. J. G. Burnett, J. W. Collier, J. Nunan, George Becks, E. B. Holmes, H. Danvers, J. W. Blaisdell, E. Berry, &c.
Seats secured Six Days in advance. 35

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Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
MISS FANNY HERRING'S
MOST SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT.
HISTORICAL DRAMA,
LA TOUR DE NESLE.
Capt. Buridan.....MR. WM. ST. MAUR
HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE CITY.
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The musical burletta of
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Jenny Lind (with songs).....MISS FANNY HERRING
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Splendid and romantic play of
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
Vanderdecken (of the Phantom Ship)..MISS FANNY HERRING
Bummel.....MR. G. L. FOX
Lucy.....MRS. H. CHAPMAN
FRIDAY, DEC. 9, BENEFIT OF MISS FANNY HERRING.

NEW STADT THEATRE.
45 and 47 BOWERY.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
MRS. METHUA-SCHELLER
begs leave to announce to her friends that her benefit will take place within two weeks after her return from Philadelphia, when Shakespeare's great tragedy,
OTHELLO,
will be produced.
MR. CHARLES POPE
has kindly volunteered to play the part of Othello on this occasion, in German, for the first time.

ACTORS' ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP.
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Attest, CYRUS CAESON,
35-1t Secretary Actors' Order of Friendship.

CAUTION TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.--- Managers are cautioned against engaging one
W. T. MELVILLE,
who absconded from this city on Saturday last, Nov. 26, while under an engagement for the season at
PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE,
Cincinnati,
leaving an indebtedness to the management, and without just cause or notification of leaving.
The said
W. T. MELVILLE
is supposed to have joined some itinerant concert troupe, organized in this city bound south.
[redacted] M. SIMMONDS,
Acting Manager, Pike's Opera House.
Cincinnati, Nov. 28, 1864. 35-1t*

GREENWAY'S BALCONY HALL, Ripon, Wisconsin, will accommodate One Thousand people, and is the most complete establishment in Northern Wisconsin, it is well adapted for Theatres, Concerts, Panoramas or anything that travels; a beautiful Balcony connecting with the stage fronting the public square expressly for Brass Bands. Ripon is situated on the Mil. & St. Paul Railway, and is one of the best show towns in the State. Address, D. GREENWAY, Ripon, Wis.
35-3m*

ROBERT GARDINER, MELODEON, Baltimore, You owe me money. I want you to pay it, and apologize for the false statement you make to my agent. I have all receipts in my possession. Come, I'm after you. JAS. CONNER,
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NEW CANTERBURY HALL,
HAMILTON, C. W.
This beautiful place of amusement, by far the largest and best Music Hall in Canada, will be opened for the Winter Season on the 19th December, 1864, with a large and efficient Company. The entertainments presented will comprise Drama, Farce, Negro Eccentricities, Singing, Dancing, etc., etc. Good Performers desiring Engagements, may address, stating terms, IN GOLD, and line of business, post-paid, WM. RICHARDSON, Lessee, or A. W. CHURCH, Manager, Canterbury Hall, Hamilton, C.W. 35-4t*

TO MANAGERS.
MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
THE GREATEST CHARACTERISTIC VOCALIST IN THE WORLD,
now playing at the Casino, Philadelphia, will shortly be at liberty.
Address MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
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MISS NELLY HUNTLEY,
This charming Vocalist and best dresser on the stage is now playing an engagement at Lea's Varieties Theatre, 37 and 39 Bowery. Managers requiring her services will address
CONNER & LEA,
34 4t* 25 West Houston street, New York.

MISS KATE WESTON will oblige by addressing a line to the gentleman who took from her a pocket book and door key by mistake. Comprendez vous? 35 1t*

THE YOUNG AND GIFTED ARTISTE,
MISS RACHEL JOHNSON,
Will make a tour of the principal cities of the United States and Canadas, sustained by the distinguished young actor,
MR. B. MACAULY.
All letters to be addressed to
AL. W. MORGAN, Agent.
35-2t* M. W. CANNING, Business Manager.

TO MANAGERS OF MUSIC HALLS.---MISS EMMA WINTHROP, the celebrated Comic Vocalist and Comedienne, and Mr. WM. SPARKS, in acts of Light and Heavy Balancing, Cannon Ball performances and feats of strength, in which he challenges the world, are now open for engagements. Address 728 Bayard street, Philadelphia. 35-3t*

GRAND ATTRACTION AT CINCINNATI VARIETIES.—Among the many female artists at the Varieties, of Cincinnati, can be found the beautiful and charming MISS JULIA YALE, as the Premier Danseuse of the company. She is indeed one of the daughters of Terpsichore, "lithe of form and swift of foot," as she goes "tripping on the light fantastic toe." Miss Yale has never had the opportunity to make herself an accomplished Danseuse, never having taken a lesson in the art, and to see with what grace and precision she puts her many fancy dances upon the stage, makes one almost feel that he had emigrated to the land of fairies. She has gained for herself in that city those laurels which she so justly merits, and she will be cherished by the many hundreds of Cincinnatians who visit the "Palace" nightly to see her in her role. This young lady has contributed greatly to the success of the Varieties. W. M. 35-1t*

TO MANAGERS OF THEATRES.---Having been swindled several times, in the last few years, by persons calling themselves actors, I will hereafter publish the names of persons that do so, for the benefit of brother managers. A person calling himself MR. PAREZO, playing "Singing Walking Gentlemen," has left me without notice, with his name in the bill of the night's performance for two parts, he owing me some $40 for the overcost he now wears. B. DE BAR, St. Louis Theatre.
Saint Louis, Mo., Nov. 25th, 1864. 35-2t*

TO MINSTRELS.---H. W. WALSH, late with Messrs. Bowers & Prendergast, as Violoncellist and Solo performer, wishes an engagement to play Violoncello or Second Violin. Address H. WALSH, Providence, R. I., Box 26, or apply to Messrs. Lea & Conner, 25 West Houston st., New York. 35-1t*

HENRY STUART, Clog Dancer.
This celebrated performer, now at Campbell's Minstrels in the Bowery, is open for engagements, through his agents,
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TO MANAGERS OF THEATRES, CONCERT HALLS, etc.—The MANUSCRIPT of the NEW ENGLISH PANTOMIME, with all the TRICKS, just received from Europe, and now in rehearsal at the Canterbury in Washington, can be had on application to Mr. Geo. Lea, he possessing the sole right to play said pantomime in the United States of America.
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W. J. THOMPSON the Melodramatic Actor, with his celebrated Dogs, HECTOR, CARLO and BRUIN, after a most successful tour through the West and South, has arrived in the city, and will soon be open for engagements of six and twelve nights, through his agents,
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AMUSEMENTS.

539. **VAN AMBURGH & CO'S** 541.
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RARE AND BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS,
including several varieties
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ROYAL BENGAL TIGER,
the only one in America,
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the largest quadruped ever seen in Europe or America;
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AN AMUSING DIVERTISSEMENT
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TRICK PONIES!
PERFORMING MONKEYS!
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EDUCATED MULES
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THE PIRATE OF THE ISLES. 25

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Commence at 7½ o'clock.
THE BLACK LEATHER BAG,
THE CURE,
MISSISSIPPI FLING,
RUNNING THE BLOCKADE,
THE ECHO,
PADDY'S WEDDING,
DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO EAT,
THOUGHTFUL EMOTIONS

LITTLE JIM.

BY C. W. COULDOCK.

The cottage was a thatched one,
The outside old and mean,
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy—
The wind was howling wild—
A patient mother watched beside
The bedside of her child.

A little worn-out creature,
His once bright eyes grown dim;
It was a collier's wife and child:
They called him Little Jim.

And, oh! to see the briny tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered prayer in thoughts
She was afraid to speak

Lest she might waken one she loved
Far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart—
Had that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
Beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He will spare her boy,
And take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child,
Soft falls these words from him:
"Mother, angels smile and beckon
Unto your Little Jim.

"I have no pain, dear mother, now,
But, oh! I am so dry;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again—
And, mother, don't you cry."

With gentle, trembling haste, she held
A tea cup to his lips;
He smiled to thank her as he took
Three little, tiny sips.

"Tell father, when he comes home from work,
I said good night to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep"—
Alas! poor Little Jim!

She saw her angel boy was dying—
The child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words that she
Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door is opened wide,
The collier's step is heard—
The father and the mother weep,
Yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over now—
He knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand,
And walked toward the bed.

His quivering lips give token
Of grief he'd fain conceal;
And, see, his wife has joined him—
The stricken couple kneel.

With heads bowed down by sadness,
They humbly ask of Him,
In Heaven once more to meet
Their own dear Little Jim.

THE MAGICIAN AND THE KING;

OR,

Cagliostro's Casket.

BY ROBERT HOUDIN.

At the beginning of November I received a "command" to St. Cloud, to give a performance before Louis Philippe and his family. I accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure; for as I had never yet performed before a crowned head, this was an important event to me.

I had six days before me to make my preparations, and I took all possible pains, even arranging a trick for the occasion, from which I had reason to expect an excellent result.

On the day fixed for my performance, a fourgon came at an early hour to fetch me and my apparatus, and we were conveyed to the chateau. A theatre had been put up in a large hall selected by the king for the representation, and in order that I might not be disturbed in my preparations, a guard was placed at one of the doors leading into the corridor. I also noticed three other doors in this apartment; one, composed of glass, opened on to the garden opposite a passage filled with splendid orange trees; the two others, to the right and left, communicated with the apartments of the King and the Duchess of Orleans.

I was busy arranging my apparatus, when I heard one of the doors I have just mentioned open quietly, and directly a voice made the following inquiry in the most affable manner:

"Monsieur Robert Houdin, may I be permitted to come in?"

I turned my head in the direction, and recognized the king, who, having asked this question merely as a form of introduction, had not waited for my reply to walk towards me. I bowed respectfully.

"Yes, sire; the steward of the chateau supplied me with skilled workmen, who speedily put up this little stage."

My tables, consoles and tabourets, as well as the various instruments of my performance, symmetrically arranged on the stage, already presented an elegant appearance.

"This is all very pretty," the king said to me, drawing near the stage and casting a stealthy glance on some of my apparatus; "I see with pleasure that the artist of 1846 will justify the good opinion produced by the mechanician of 1844."

"Sire," I replied, "on this day I will strive, as I did two years ago, to render myself worthy of the great favor your majesty deigns to bestow on me by witnessing my performance."

"Your son's second sight is said to be very surprising," the king continued; "but I warn you, Monsieur Robert Houdin, to be on your guard, for we intend to cause you considerable difficulties."

"Sire," I replied boldly, "I have every reason for believing that my son will surmount them."

"I should be vexed were it otherwise," the king said, with a tinge of incredulity, as he retired. "Monsieur Robert Houdin," he added, as he closed the door after him, "I shall feel obliged by your punctuality."

At four o'clock precisely, when the royal family and the numerous guests were assembled, the curtains that concealed me opened, and I appeared on the stage. Owing to my repeated performances, I had fortunately acquired an imperturbable assurance and a confidence in myself which the success of my experiments fully justified.

I began in the most profound silence, for the party evidently wished to see and judge before giving me any encouragement. But, insensibly, they became excited, and I heard several exclamations of surprise, which were soon followed by still more expressive demonstrations.

All my tricks were very favorably received, and the one I had invented for the occasion gained me unbounded applause.

I will give a description of it:

I borrowed from my noble spectators several handkerchiefs, which I made into a parcel, and laid on the table. Then, at my request, different persons wrote on the cards the names of places whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported.

When this had been done, I begged the king to take three of the cards at hazard, and choose from them the place he might consider most suitable.

"Let us see," Louis Philippe said, "what this one says: 'I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantelpiece.' That is too easy for a sorcerer; so we will pass to the next card: 'The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides.' That would suit me, but it is much too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah, ah!" the king added, looking at the last card, "I am afraid, Monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?"

"Will your majesty deign to inform me?"

"It is desired that you should send the handkerchiefs into the chest of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue."

"Only that, sire? Deign to order, and I will obey."

"Very good, then; I should like to see such a magic act: I, therefore, choose the orange tree chest."

The king gave some orders in a low voice, and I directly saw several persons run to the orange tree, in order to watch it and prevent any fraud.

I was delighted at this precaution, which must add to the effect of my experiment, for the trick was already arranged, and the precaution hence too late.

I had now to send the handkerchiefs on their travels, so I placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and, taking my wand, I ordered my invisible travellers to proceed to the spot the king had chosen.

I raised the bell; the little parcel was no longer there, and a white turtle-dove had taken its place.

The king then walked quickly to the door, whence he looked in the direction of the orange tree, to assure himself that the guards were at their post; when this was done, he began to smile and shrug his shoulders.

"Ah! Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said somewhat ironically, "I much fear for the virtue of your magic staff." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room, where several servants were standing, "Tell William to open immediately the last chest at the end of the avenue, and bring me carefully what he finds there—if he *does* find anything."

William soon proceeded to the orange tree, and though much astonished at the orders given him, he began to carry them out.

He carefully removed one of the sides of the chest, thrust his hand in, and almost touched the roots of the tree before he found anything. All at once he uttered a cry of surprise, as he drew out a small iron coffer eaten by rust.

This curious "find," after having been cleaned from the mould, was brought in and placed on a small ottoman by the king's side.

"Well, Monsieur Robert-Houdin," Louis Philippe said to me, with a movement of impatient curiosity, "here is a box; am I to conclude it contains the handkerchiefs?"

"Yes, sire," I replied with assurance, "and they have been there, too, for a long period."

"How can that be? the handkerchiefs were lent you scarce a quarter of an hour ago."

"I cannot deny it, sire; but what would my magic powers avail me if I could not perform incomprehensible tricks? Your majesty will doubtlessly be still more surprised, when I prove to your satisfaction that this coffer, as well as its contents, was deposited in the chest of the orange-tree sixty years ago."

"I should like to believe your statement," the king replied, with a smile; but that is impossible, and I must, therefore, ask for proofs of your assertion."

"If your majesty will be kind enough to open this casket, they will be supplied."

"Certainly; but I shall require a key for that."

"It only depends on yourself, sire, to have one. Deign to remove it from the neck of this turtle-dove, which has just brought it you."

Louis Philippe unfastened a ribbon that held a small rusty key, with which he hastened to unlock the coffer.

The first thing that caught the king's eye was a parchment, on which he read the following statement:

THIS DAY, THE 6TH JUNE, 1786,

THIS IRON BOX, CONTAINING SIX HANDKERCHIEFS, WAS PLACED AMONG THE ROOTS OF AN ORANGE-TREE BY ME, BALSAMO, COUNT OF CAGLIOSTRO, TO SERVE IN PERFORMING AN ACT OF MAGIC, WHICH WILL BE EXECUTED ON THE SAME DAY SIXTY YEARS HENCE BEFORE LOUIS PHILIPPE OF ORLEANS AND HIS FAMILY.

"There is decidedly witchcraft about this," the king said, more and more amazed. "Nothing is wanting, for the seal and signature of the celebrated sorcerer are placed at the foot of this statement, which, Heaven pardon me, smells strongly of sulphur."

At this jest, the audience began to laugh.

"But," the king added, taking out of the box a carefully sealed packet, "can the handkerchiefs by possibility be in this?"

"Indeed, sire, they are; but, before opening the parcel, I would request your majesty to notice that it also bears the impression of Cagliostro's seal."

This seal, once rendered so famous by being placed on the celebrated alchemist's bottles of elixir and liquid gold, I had obtained from Torrini, who had been an old friend of Cagliostro's.

"It is certainly the same," my royal spectator answered, after comparing the two seals. Still, in his impatience to learn the contents of the parcel, the king quickly tore open the envelope, and soon displayed before the astonished spectators the six handkerchiefs which, a few moments before, were still on my table.

This trick gained me lively applause, but in my second sight, which was to terminate the performance, I had really to sustain a terrible struggle, as the king had warned me.

Among the objects handed me, there was, I remember, a medal, which it was expected would embarrass me. Still, I had no sooner taken it in my hand than my son described it in the following terms:

"It is," he said, confidently, "a Greek medal of bronze, on which is a word composed of six letters, which I will spell: *lamba, epsilon, mu, nu, omicron, sigma*, which makes *Lemnos*."

My son knew the Greek alphabet; hence he could read the word Lemnos, although he could not possibly have translated it.

This was in itself a severe trial for so young a lad; but it did not satisfy the royal family.

I was handed a small Chinese coin with a hole through the centre, and its name and value were immediately indicated; and, lastly, a difficulty, from which I managed to escape successfully, was the brilliant finale of my performance.

I had been surprised to see the Duchess of Orleans, who took a lively interest in the second sight, retire to her apartments; but she soon returned, and handed me a small case, the contents of which she wished my son to describe, but I must be careful not to open it.

I had foreseen this prohibition; so, while the princess was speaking to me, I opened the case with one hand, and, by a rapid glance, satisfied myself as to its contents. Still I pretended for a moment to be startled by the proposal, in order to produce a greater effect.

"Your highness," I remarked, as I returned the case, "will allow me to appeal against such a proposal, for you must have remarked that, until now, I required to see the object before my son could name it."

"Yet you have surmounted greater difficulties," the amiable duchess retorted. "However, if it is not possible, let us say no more about it, for I should be grieved to cause you any embarrassment."

"What your highness wishes is, I repeat, impossible; and yet my son, feeling anxious to justify the confidence you place in his clairvoyance, will attempt to see through the case, and describe its contents.

"Can he do so even through my hands?" the duchess continued, trying to conceal the case.

"Yes, madam; and even if your highness were in the next room, my son would be able to see it."

The duchess, declining the new trial I proposed, satisfied herself by questioning my son with her own lips.

The boy, who had long received his instructions, replied without hesitation, "There is in the case a diamond pin, the stone being surrounded by a garter of sky blue enamel."

"That is perfectly correct," the duchess said, as she showed the ornament to the king. "Judge for yourself, sire;" then, turning to me, she added, with infinite grace, "Monsieur Robert Houdin, will you accept this pin in remembrance of your visit to St. Cloud?"

I thanked her highness sincerely, as I assured her of my gratitude.

The performance was over, the curtain fell, and, in my turn, I was enabled to enjoy a curious scene at my ease; it was to look through a small hole at my audience, who had assembled in groups, and were talking about the impression I had produced.

Before leaving the chateau, the king and queen again sent me the most flattering messages by the person charged to hand me a souvenir of their munificence.

ADVICE TO PEDESTRIANS.

You who in these days of vehement bustle can still find time to travel for pleasure alone—you, who have yet to become emancipated from the thraldom of railways, coaches and saddle horses—patronize, I exhort you, that first and oldest established of all conveyances, your own legs. Think on your tender partings nipped in the bud by the railway bell; think on the coachman's detested voice that summoned you, famishing, from a good dinner-table; think of luggage confided to extortionate porters, of horses casting shoes and catching colds, of cramped legs and numbed feet, of vain longings to get down here, and to delay for a pleasant half hour there; think of all these manifest hardships of riding at your ease, and the next time you leave home, strap your luggage on your shoulders, take your stick in your hand, set forth delivered from a perfect paraphernalia of incumbrances, to go where you will, how you will, the free citizen of the travelling world. Thus independent, what may you not accomplish? What pleasure is there that you cannot enjoy? If you are an artist you can stop to sketch every point of view that strikes your eye. Are you a philanthropist? you can go into every cottage and talk to every human being you pass. Are you a botanist or geologist? you may pick up leaves and clip rocks where you please, the livelong day. Are you a valetudinarian? you may physic yourself by Nature's own simple prescription, by walking in fresh air. Are you dilatory or irresolute? you may dawdle to your heart's content; you may change your plans a dozen times an hour; you may tell "Boots" to call you at six o'clock, may fall asleep again (ecstatic sensation) five minutes after he has knocked at the door, and may get up two hours later, to pursue your journey with perfect impunity and satisfaction. For to you what is a time-table but waste paper, and a "booked place" but a relic of the dark ages? You dread, perhaps, blisters on your feet; sponge your feet with cold vinegar, and show me blisters after that, if you can! You strap on your knapsack for the first time, and five minutes after feel an aching pain at the back of your neck; walk on, and the pain will walk off. How do we overcome our first painful cuticular reminiscences of first getting on horseback? By riding again. Apply the same rule to carrying the knapsack, and be assured of the same successful result. Again and uncompromisingly I say it, therefore, walk and be merry; walk and be wise; walk and be your own master! Walk to enjoy, to improve, to observe, as no riders can. Walk, and you are the best peripatetic impersonation of genuine holiday enjoyment that is to be met with on the surface of this work-a-day world.

CURIOUS MODE OF KILLING TIGERS.—A curious mode of killing tigers, practised by the natives of the Wynad district, deserves notice. When one of these animals is discovered, the covert in which he lies is enclosed by a strong net, supported by bamboos of a sufficient height to prevent it leaping over it. All being prepared, the villagers, headed by their priests, surround the outside of the net, armed with long spears; and provoking the tiger to attack them, they meet him as he charges, and pierce him through this apparently feeble but impassable barrier till he falls. A gentleman who was present at one of these scenes describes it as most interesting and exciting in the highest degree, for there existed the appearance of imminent danger, although in reality it was almost impossible for the tiger to reach his assailants. The net, loosely suspended, yielded to the bounds made by the entangled animal without breaking, and he retired, bleeding and discouraged, from each attack.

THE LOVESICK MIDDY.

A Story of a Lock of Red Hair.

As a midshipman, I held a sort of neutral position; I was expected to keep myself far above the sailors; but, at the same time, it was a crime little less than mutiny to consider that I was either here or hereafter at less than an unapproachable distance from the sixth mate. It was while I held this unenviable appointment that I first fell in love. Among the passengers on board the ship were two companions, and several extra officers of His Majesty's 120th Regiment of Foot. We were conveying them to Bombay, where they were to be stationed. The wives and daughters of many of the officers were also cabin passengers. The young lady who particularly attracted my attention was the daughter of Major C., a kind-hearted, gentlemanly man, but whose position was of course so superior to that of the unfortunate East India Company's midshipmen, that anything in the shape of acquaintanceship, or even conversation, was impossible.

Maria, his daughter, was an exceedingly pretty girl, about sixteen or seventeen years of age. She was evidently, from the expression of her countenance (for I never but once had the pleasure of speaking to her), exceedingly amiable. It was perfect happiness to me to see her on deck. I used to watch her each afternoon with her mother and sister when the band was playing; and I sincerely envied the military officers who fluttered around her. On these occasions my eyes used to be incessantly riveted on her; and I was often severely rated by my superior officers for my inattention to orders.

At last I felt certain that she noticed me, but most probably only from the fact of my incessantly gazing at her. She evidently mentioned my behavior to her sister, for she used to regard me with a peculiarly inquisitive, sarcastic manner. I hardly think she mentioned my behavior to her mother; at least I never had any reason, from that lady's conduct, to imagine that she was even aware of my existence.

My affection increased to such an extent that at last I grew desperate, and I determined, cost what it might, notwithstanding our fearful difference in position, to make known to her my passion. But how to manage it was the difficulty. To address her personally on the subject was of course impossible. Her mother was a cross-grained, ill-tempered woman, who, when not prostrated by sea sickness, which, unfortunately, rarely occurred, had her eyes incessantly fixed on her daughters. I had too much dread of her to think of broaching the subject to her, even if my position would not have made such an action presumptuous.

There was only one member of her family with whom there existed the slightest possibility of forming an intimacy, and that was her young brother, a boy about eleven years of age. I immediately broke ground with him, and succeeded admirably. I commenced by giving him a pressing invitation to the midshipman's berth. By degrees our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Then, after binding him over to eternal secresy, I confided to him my unhappy, consuming passion for his sister. Young as he was, and inexperienced in such matters, he kindly sympathized with me. He promised to assist me in every manner that lay in his power. I advised him to begin by pointing me out to his sister and telling her how vastly superior I was to the other midshipmen. Then to hint gently to her how incessantly I was talking and thinking of her. This I considered would be as much as would be prudent at the commencement.

In a short time I found his sister had remarked me favorably, and thought me very good looking. Here was encouragement for me. Of course, I sent word back that she was the loveliest girl I had ever seen. The next day she smiled kindly when she saw me. We were then within a fortnight's sail of Bombay. I used bitterly to weep in the night-watches when I thought that on her arrival there I should see her no more. Sometimes I thought of deserting the ship and enlisting as a private in her father's regiment, but then our difference in position would even be greater than ever.

At last I summoned up sufficient courage to tell her brother how happy I would be if he could obtain from his sister some little object that I might keep as a memento of her. He asked me what I should like, and I modestly left it to his discretion. He suggested a lock of hair, to which, as may easily be supposed, I gave a ready consent. I assured him that such a gift was more than my wildest imaginations could have hoped for; that the possession of such a treasure would make me happy for life.

Bad weather set in, and I did not see either sister or brother again for some days. He was exceedingly delicate, and, during the rain, his mother confined him a prisoner to the cuddy. When I saw him again, he placed in my hand, without saying a word, a small folded paper about the size of a shilling. As it evidently contained something, I immediately rushed below, and, with some difficulty, contrived to open it unseen by any one—no easy task, as solitude is rare in a midshipman's berth. The paper contained a long but very thin tress of bright auburn hair. I knew it immediately, by its beautiful color and silky texture, to be his sister's.

Never, I believe, was happiness equal to mine at that moment. I that day made, clumsily enough, out of one of my shirts, a small bag. How grateful was I, at the time, for the foresight of our old servant, who had placed a housewife of her own manufacture in my sea chest, and thus, at that critical moment, to supply me with needle and thread. The bag, when finished, was just large enough to hold the hair in its paper envelope. Out of respect to my treasure, I had taken particular pains in making the bag, and was not a little proud of it when it was finished. When all was ready, I fastened it to a piece of spun yarn, and, placing it round my neck, wore it next to my heart with all the respect due to a saintly relic.

The ship arrived at Bombay. On the day of Maria's leaving I determined to speak to her. It required no little courage, but true love will encounter any risk. An opportunity presented itself. She was standing near the gangway, a little behind her family, who were waiting for a boat to take them on shore.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," I said, "for your kind present. I wear it next my heart, and it shall never leave me."

The girl looked intensely astonished.

"I don't understand you," she said aloud.

Her mother, hearing her speak, looked round and asked what she had said.

"This gentleman," said Maria, hesitatingly, "made some remark, but I did not hear what he said."

"What is it you want, young man?" said her mother, haughtily.

I was so taken aback that I could not answer a word, but sneaked sheepishly away. The mother mentioned the circumstance to her husband, who immediately reported my behaviour to the officer of the watch. This brute, who from his blackguardism had been obliged to quit the navy, and had afterwards been received for his superior (by comparison) gentlemanly behavior into the East India Company's service, questioned me upon the subject, but I refused to answer him a word, and was in consequence sent to the mast-head as a punishment.

The old cat of a mother suspected there was something concealed, and of course she determined to find it out. I was again questioned, but revealed nothing. Before the ship left Bombay, I was allowed one day's holiday on shore, and there by chance I met Maria's young brother. I requested him to tell me how the mistake occurred, and the cause of my making such a fool of myself. I found that it was true that it was his sister's hair I had been wearing, but she was not aware of its being in my possession. During the week he had been confined to the cabin by the wet weather, he had taken the opportunity of daily collecting from his sister's hair-brush the stray hair, and with them had formed the tress he had given me. He had thought the possession of it was all that I wished for, and that how it was obtained was a matter of little importance.

ABOUT A FEET.

In commencing at the head and going down to the foot, I don't wish to set an example for you to follow, for it is much more honorable and praiseworthy in most conditions of life to begin at the foot and gradually work up to the head. The foot is the only corn-growing section on the human frame. In all the walks of life, to say nothing about the runs, the foot plays an important part. Without it there wouldn't be any promising shoemakers. The light fantastic toe could have no existence, and dancing would be unknown, unless people danced upon their heads, which, for obvious reasons, couldn't be indulged in very conveniently.

A foot in long measure is twelve inches, but I have seen it where it overrun twenty. Big feet have been a serious puzzle to scientific men before now. Some of them have contended that they are live things, with breathing apparatus and bowels. The propensity that feet often exhibit to go astray, and walk in by and forbidden paths, shows that they are more than half human.

With the Chinese, small feet are highly prized, and the measure of female loveliness is (in a measure) the shoemaker's measure of her foot. The lady who requires the most support in walking, is the most charming to the almond-eyed Celestials. A Chinese romance begins as follows: "Soo Sly, the daughter of the Philosopher Po Poo, was fairer than rice and more graceful than the bamboo. Her foot was no longer than her finger, and when she walked she tottered with most engaging helplessness."

In romances of the chivalric period we frequently read of a *feet* of *arms*, which is not only ungrammatical, but is manifestly inconsistent. It is no more paradoxical, however, than to say a dancing master is a good hand with his feet, as you sometimes hear.

Fleet-footed people don't run the best, always. Mr. John Bows can run half a mile in a minute; and yet he was once beaten in a race for the office of postmaster, in a small village of Morrisania, by a wooden-legged man.

The best run at billiards I ever saw, was made by a man who had but one leg.

My hearers, let me entreat you to pause often and scan closely the paths in which your feet are walking.

SCENE AT A BULL FIGHT.

Some years ago the inhabitants of Seville read with surprise, in the advertisements, of an approaching bull fight, this unusual notice:—

"When the third bull shall have attacked the picadors, and received three pairs of banderillas, a young peasant, by whom he has been brought up, will appear in the circus. He will approach the bull, caress it, and after removing the banderillas, one after another, will lie down between his horns."

The announcement of so singular a feat attracted an immense crowd to the amphitheatre. The third bull appeared—an animal with splendid horns and very brave. He slew four horses, received the banderillas, and became furious. Then, contrary to custom, all the torreros retired from the ring, leaving the bull stamping about and shaking the bloody darts that hung from his neck. Suddenly a long whistle was heard. The bull paused and listened. It was repeated. He approached the barrier, and a young man leaped into the ring, calling the bull by his name, "Mosquito." The animal knew his master, came to caress him, and was appeased. The peasant gave it his hand to lick, and with the other began to scratch it behind the ears, an operation which seemed to afford the brute much pleasure. Then he gently removed the banderillas, which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made him go down on his knees, and placed his head between its horns.

The grateful bull seemed to listen with pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by the master. The admiration of the multitude, hitherto suppressed by surprise, now burst forth with violence, and shook the building. At hearing this frenzied applause, which had accompanied all his sufferings, the bull, till then under a charm, appeared to awake and return to a reality. He suddenly rose, bellowing, and the peasant tried to escape. But it was too late. The animal, as though furious at being betrayed, tossed the young man in the air, received him again on his horns, gored him, trampled on him, and crushed him to pieces, in spite of the efforts of the torreros, and the horrified public quitted the circus in silence.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

PHILADELPHIA TOURNAMENT.—This interesting passage-at-arms in Caissa's gentle lists has terminated in a decisive victory for Mr. Jellett, a "third class player,"—forsooth!—who carried everything before him—winning ten games and losing but two. We were going to write a paragraph or two expressive of our disapprobation of the singular penchant our Philadelphia brethren of first or second-rate force have for overweighting themselves; as also their fondness for classing their young and rising players as 3d, 4th, etc., rate players. But, on the whole, as "it's none of our funeral," and as Mr. Jellett, doubtless, enjoys it, why, sail in; only don't say much about Mr. Perrin's playing, even with 3d-class players." As Mr. Martin used to say to us of Mr. Thompson: "If the gentleman will indulge his vanity—why, he must pay for it."

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CHESS-PLAYER.—In the death of Mr. ALBERT HERGESHEIMER, the Philadelphia Chess Club has sustained an irreparable loss. Mr. H. was one of the victims of the melancholy accident which occurred to the yacht Lily on the 12th ult. For five years he had been one of the most esteemed members of the club, and was one of the most constant attendants at its meetings. His amiable temper and genial manners had endeared him to all of us. As a chess-player, he was far beyond mediocrity, and in the late tournament he wrested from the victor one of the two games which he lost.—*Forney's War Press.*

Enigma No. 457.

From the London Field.

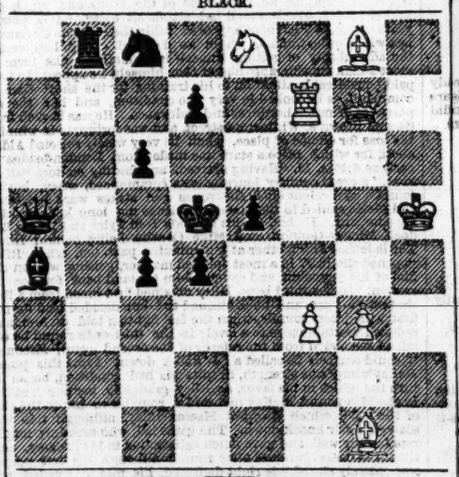
BY S. LOYD.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 457.

BY JAS. G. WARNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 457.

Skirmish, brief and brilliant, played at Rome some years back between Duke B— — and Signor Dubois, the accomplished and worthy successor of the great Italian triumvirate of by-gone days.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Duke B——	Defence, Signor Dubois.	Attack, Duke B——	Defence, Signor Dubois.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Q Kt to K 4	Q B to Kt 5
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13..K B-K 2	K Kt-B 5
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14..P-Q 5 (b)	Q Kt-K 4
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	15..P-K R 3	Q B × Kt
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	16..K B × B	Q-K R 5
6..B P × P	K B-Kt 5 +	17..K-his R 2	P-K B 4
7..Q B-Q 2	K B × B +	18..Kt-Q B 5	K R-B 3
8..Q Kt × B	P-Q 4 (a)	19..K R-K sq	Q × B P
9..K P × P	K Kt × P	20..K R × Kt	K R-his 3
10..Castles, i. e.:	Castles, i. e.:	21..K-his R sq	Kt × R P
11..R-B & K-R sq	R-B & K-R sq	22..K R-K 6	Mates in two.

(a) A fine, free, manly game on both sides.

(b) Weak, very; yet we would not have it otherwise, for from this moment every *coup* of Signor Dubois is that of the master that he is, and the termination is exquisite—so easy, yet so conclusive!

A splendid game between Signor Dubois and Herr Andersen in the London Tourney of 1851.—*Bell's Life.*

MUZIO GAMBIT.

Dubois.	Andersen.	Dubois.	Andersen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..B × B P	K Kt to B 3
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	17..Q R-K sq	K R-Kt sq (e)
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	18..Q R-K 2	Q R-B sq
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	19..Q B-K 5	K Kt-his 5
5..Castles	Kt P × Kt	20..B-K Kt 3	Q R-B 4 (f)
6..Q × B 3d P	Q-K 2 (c)	21..K R-B 5 (g)	Q B × P
7..P-Q 4	Q Kt-B 3	22..R K × B +	K R × R
8..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-K 4 (d)	23..Q × Q B	Q × Q
9..Q P × Kt	Q-her B 4 +	24..Q R × Q	Kt-K B 7 +
10..K-his R sq	Q × K B	25..Q B × Kt	K R × K B
11..B × B 2d P	Q-K 3	26..Q R-Q 4	P-K 4
12..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q Kt 3	27..Q R-Q 3	P-K 5
13..Q-K Kt 3	Q-K Kt 3	28..Q R-Q 4	P-K 6 (h)
14..Q-her 3	Q B-Kt 3	29..Kt-K B 3	R-B 8 +
15..Q-K 6	B P × P	30..Kt covers	Q R-R 4, and the Attack resigns.

(c) Herr A. prefers this to Q to K B 3d.

(d) Good play, having a piece in hand.

(e) If P to Q 4th he receives (ch) from the Queen.

(f) Well devised, indeed; very influential to the end.

(g) A brilliant move. [Yes! but too transparent to catch Prof. A., himself a subtle, sturdy old practitioner. Dubois wields a glittering weapon, keen of point and edge, but this time his brilliant opening breaks down].

(h) Finishes off his game like clock work.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE, No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
18-tf

Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE Club meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

To Correspondents.

NEMO, New Castle, Del.—We acted as you requested, and went to the trouble to investigate, and we did expect to find it a marked improvement on the former editions, but we find scarcely a half a dozen corrections in it. There is game after game that has been corrected through the CLIPPER for the last three years, and still those very mistakes remain. You praise the work highly, but would you be kind enough to point us out any improvement. If the work was got up as stated, for the advancement of the game, why not make it so, and not be so conceited in one's abilities as not take corrections from other players?

A. J. F., Geneva, N. Y.—Your position is unsound. After you have exchanged down to two men of each color, play 15 to 11, instead of 15 to 19, and draw. 2. Your position was published same as sent.

J. H. BURNHAM, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—We are happy to "renew your acquaintance." Positions received and shall appear. Do not think Anderson's or Drummond's works can be had at present—will let you know as soon as we can learn.

Game No. 41.—Vol. XII.

THIRTY-SEVENTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

SCOTCH OPENING.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	15..10 to 7	21 to 14
2..15 22	26 18	16..16 32	14 9
3..8 11	29 25	17..11 16	20 11
4..4 8	24 20	18..7 18	9 6
5..12 16	26 22	19..2 9	13 6
6..8 12	28 24	20..16 20	(a)31 26
7..9 13(a)	32 28	21..32 27	26 22
8..6 9	24 19	22..27 23	30 25
9..9 14	18 9	23..12 16	6 2
10..5 14	22 18	24..14 19	2 6
11..1 5	18 9	25..20 24	25 21
12..5 14	25 22	26..24 27	6 9
13..13 17	22 18	27..27 31	9 13
14..14 18	28 14	Drawn.	

(a) Drummond plays 9 to 14, instead of this, and draws.

(b) The "Game of Draughts" plays the game to this point, and then plays 6 to 2. Either play draws.

Game No. 42.—Vol. XII.

GAME played between the "Herd Laddie" and J. Bertie, Dundee, *From the Weekly News.*

LAIRD AND LADY.

Bertie, Black.	"Herd Laddie," White.	Bertie, Black.	"Herd Laddie," White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	16..11 to 16	27 to 23
2..8 11	22 17	17..15 18	23 15
3..9 13	17 14	18..10 19	26 22
4..10 17	(a)19 10	19..6 10	23 16
5..7 14	27 23	20..14 23	21 7
6..4 8	25 22	21..23 27	7 3
7..3 7	24 20	22..27 31	3 7
8..6 10	29 25	23..13 17	22 13
9..1 6	32 27	24..31 22	7 10
10..11 15	20 16	25..22 17	30 25
11..12 19	23 16	26..17 21	10 15
12..8 12	27 23	27..21 30	15 24
13..12 19	23 16	28..16 20	24 27
14..7 11	16 7	29..30 26	Drawn. (b)
15..2 11	31 27		

(a) A new move. None of the authorities play this.

(b) A well contested game to the close. Next week we will give a variation from the 10th move of Black.

Solution of Position No. 31, Vol. XII.

BY "RAGNALL."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..25 to 22	18 to 25	6..23 to 19	6 to 10
2..32 27	11 18	7..20 24	10 14
3..27 24	jumps	8..24 20	14 18
4..16 7	4 11	9..19 15	18 23
5..7 23	1 6	10..20 16, and wins.	

Solution of Drummond's 40th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..1 to 5	18 to 17	4..13 to 17	29 to 25
2..5 9	17 22	5..17 10	25 22
3..9 13	22 29	Black wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.	White—J. McG.
7..4 8	24 20

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.	White—J. McI.
8..9 14	18 9
7..5 14	

Position No. 32, Vol. XII.

BY JAMES WILLIS.

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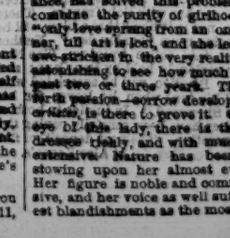


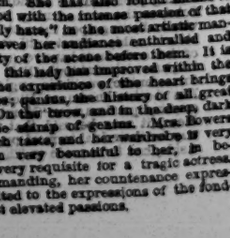
WHITE.

Black to play and win.

The 41st Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

THIS lady was born in the town of Stamford, Conn., March 19th, 1820, and is the daughter of the Rev. William A. Crocker, who was an eminent Episcopal clergyman of that town, who died before our heroine reached the age of six years, leaving a widow and five children. Mrs. Crocker shortly after removed with her family to New York, for the purpose of giving her children a liberal eductaion, and to obtain a residence among her friends. At an early age, Miss Crocker gave strong evidences of superior talent, which was judiciously cultivated, and so rapid was her advancement, that at the age of fourteen she became a teacher in one of the principal academies of New York. It was not until she visited the Park Theatre for the first time, at the age of fifteen, to witness the performance of Ellen Tree, as Julia, in "The Hunchback," that she became enamored with the profession, and imbibed an earnest desire to enter it, with the hope of one day being classed among the bright luminaries of the histrionic art. Having resolved, in spite of family objections, to go upon the stage, she commenced studying to prepare for the event, at the same time paying every attention to her school. Finally, in the year 1846, application was made to Mr. Simpson, of the Park Theatre, for a young lady to make her first appearance, which, through the exertions of influential friends, was granted, with the choice of her opening part. The night being appointed, the announcement was made that a young lady would make her first appearance on any stage, in the character of Amanthis, in Mrs. Inchbald's play of "The Child of Nature." The result exceeded the expectations of the young *debutante*, and surprised her friends. She made a palpable hit, and was three times most enthusiastically called before the curtain. Mr. Simpson immediately made her a proffer of an engagement, which was accepted, and for a long time she was one of the greatest favorites upon the boards of "Old Drury." She was the original Bertha, in "Cricket on the Hearth," for the performance of which she received a commendatory notice of two columns from the pen of Prof. Howes, the Solon of the New York dramatic critics. Mr. E. A. Marshall at this time succeeded in effecting an engagement with Miss Crocker, for his company at the Walnut, Philadelphia. Miss C. immediately became a general favorite. Her first appearance took place July 16, 1846, as Amanthis. It was during this engagement, on the 4th of March, 1847, that she was united in the bonds of matrimony with David P. Bowers. Shortly after their marriage they repaired to Baltimore, where they remained for nearly four years. She first appeared in Philadelphia as Mrs. Bowers, March 11, 1847, as Donna Victoria

OUR GAME BAG.

THE WELL AND THE DEED.—A descendant of Nabal, having put a crown piece into "the plate" in an Edinburgh Church, one Sunday morning, by mistake, instead of a penny, asked to have it back, but was refused. In once, in forever. "Sweet, sweet," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "No, no," said Jeems, the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gie."

A SHIPWRECKED BANK.—Muggins was one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed in the gutter. Muggins paused, gazed intently at the dead animal, and at last said, "Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck! where?" "There's a bank that's lost forever." His companion growled, and passed on.

DIDN'T WANT TO DIE.—"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there."

QUESTION FOR MORSE.—A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted thro' the salt water will be fresh.

ABE AND ISE.—A precocious young man, blessed with the name of Isaac, says that "if he is drafted, Abraham will be offering up Isaac as a sacrifice.

PATCHES ON THE FACE.—The patches formerly worn by ladies on their faces were intended, by contrast, to exhibit the delicacy of their complexions. In a book called "England's Vanity," published in 1663, the author denounced these patches as the very tokens of death. The patches were cut into fanciful shapes, sometimes a star, a half moon, sometimes a coach and horses. To these devices the author pointedly alludes:—"Methinks the mourning coach and horses all in black, and plumes flying on their foreheads, stand ready harnessed to whirl them to Acheron, though I pity poor Charon for the darkness of the night, since the moon on the cheek is all in eclipse, and the poor stars on the temples are clouded in sables, and no comfort left him but the lozenges on the chin, which, if he pleases, he may pick off for his cold."

TALLEYRAND'S MODE OF GETTING OUT OF TROUBLE.—This illustrious diplomatist one day found himself between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier, both intimate friends, both celebrated.

"You say charming things to us both, but which do you prefer?" said Madame de Stael suddenly.

"Madame, such a question is a veritable ambush. Take care, the penal code—"

"Prince, no subterfuge here. Which do you prefer—my friend or myself? Come, speak—is it the brunette or the blonde?"

"It will be her who will deign to honor me with a look."

"What! still diplomatic? Well, I will put the question in another form: Suppose, while sailing on the Seine, this evening, the boat should upset, and we should be in danger of drowning, which one would you help?"

"Both at once, or the one who is in the greatest danger."

"But, monseigneur, be frank for once in your life! Suppose the danger be equally imminent?"

"Well, I would give my right hand to you, Baroness, and the left to Madame Recamier."

"But if you could save only one—one only—do you understand?"

"Oh, madame, you, who know so many things—I suppose you can swim," replied Talleyrand.

LABOR-SAVING.—A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a young companion near her:—"You are very lucky—you are; your papa has only got one leg."

"TO WHAT BASE USES," ETC.—A negro having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes, massa, little." "Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?" "Yes, massa, strap razor on him sometimes."

THE BEST HE HAD.—A friend of ours was traveling while afflicted with a very bad cough. He annoyed his fellow-travelers until one of them remarked, in a tone of displeasure: "Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours!" "True, sir," replied our friend; but you will excuse me—it's the best I've got!"

RATHER PERSONAL.—Mr. Camp, becoming enthusiastic, and, holding out his brawny hand, cried out exultingly: "What does that look like?" "That?" interposed Mr. Ames with a peculiar sniff of the nose, "that looks as though you were out of soap."

HE'D CHOOSE TO BE AN OYSTER.—An Irishman, who found on the street a bill of fare at a recent dinner at the Girard House, discovered therein the information of "oysters cooked in champagne," as one of the dishes served. "Bedad!" said Pat, drawing his sleeve across his thirsty mouth, "I wish I was an oyster!"

A "DEAD" SURE THING.—Two ladies were traveling from St. Louis to Cincinnati, one of whom was asked by a fellow with whom a conversation had been opened, if she was married. "I was married," sighed the blooming dame, "but alas! I know not if my husband be dead or alive. I heard that he was accidentally killed in Pittsburgh a few weeks ago, and I am going there to ascertain whether the report is true or false." "Well, I've got a dead sure thing on my husband," remarked the other lady, "for I saw him buried six weeks ago."

DOMESTIC BLISS.—There are evidences of domestic bliss in the following telegram, sent by a Wall-street broker to his wife:—"Send John. Also demijohn. Kiss Matty. Spank Arthur. Don't fret."

POOR FELLOWS!—An Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure punishment *for life*, only fifteen survived it!

WARRANTING SHOES.—A young apprentice to the shoemaking business lately asked his master what answer he should make to the oft-repeated question, "Does his master warrant his shoes?" "Tell them that I warrant them to prove good; and if they do not, that I make them good for nothing," replied the master.

IRISH ALL OVER.—The love of fighting somebody, among the Irish, springs from no malice; it is, indeed, often rather a rough way of showing regard. One the other day knocked down his comrade without provocation, and on being asked by him, "Pat, what did you strike me for?" replied, "Shure, Mick, and ef I struck you myself, I wouldn't let any other man do it."

EXTENSIVE PROPELLERS.—Charley Gallagher is celebrated for the large size of his "trotters." He is said to be the person who keeps a tannery in operation for the purpose of furnishing leather enough to keep him in boots and shoes. But that is stated to be a falsehood by those who know him best. On one occasion, wanting his boots mended, he stopped at the door of Bill Hill's shoeshop, and thus accosted the cobbler, who was at work within:

"Say, Bill, can you half-sole my boots to-day?"

Bill, who stuttered a little, came to the door, and after taking a long and apparently anxious survey of the weather, answered:

"Yes, if it d-d-don't rain."

"Why, Bill, what difference would that make?" said Charley.

"Why," said Bill, "my sh-sh-sh-shop ain't very large, and I th-th-thought I o-o-could bring my b-b-bench out d-doors!"

HOW THINGS ARE DONE OUT WEST.—A Yankee traveller who saw the live Hoosier, wrote to his mother as follows:

"Western people," said he, 'go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you do down east, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story.

"Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper!'

"Says he, 'Lay there, stranger!'

"And in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in a ditch, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed:

"'That isn't a specimen of your western women, I should think?'

"Says he, 'You are afraid of fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?'

"'Very much,' said I.

"'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman I swear that these two pistols (which he held in his hand) shall cure you of that disagreeable disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger.'

"So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire this western country much, but confound me if I can stand so much etiquette—it always takes me so unawares."

LIVING WITHOUT "MONEY."—An attorney in the country recently received an account from abroad for recovery, and in reply he made the following statement of the financial condition of the locality in which he resides, which was doubtless satisfactory to the creditor:—"Now I am perfectly astonished at you for sending a claim out here for recovery these times. You might as well cast your net into the 'lake of fire and brimstone,' expecting to catch a sunfish, or into the celebrated Stygian pool, to catch speckled trout, as to try to catch *money* here. Money! I have a faint recollection of having seen it when a small boy. I believe it was given me by my uncle to buy candy with. (The candy I do remember.) But it has been so long since I have seen any that I almost forget whether gold is made of corn or mustard, or silver of white onions or fish scales. Why, sir, we live without money. You're behind the times. It is a relic of barbarism—of ages past. Hoot, man, the millenium is coming—the year of jubilee has come, and all debts are paid as much as they will be, unless you take '*produce*.' The word 'money' is not in our vocabulary; in the latest Webster (revised for this meridian) it is marked '*obsolete*, formerly a coin representing value, and used as a medium of commerce.' A few small pieces can be seen in our Historical Society's collection, where they are exhibited as curiosities, along with the skeleton of the 'Mastodon,' Noah's old boots, and Adam's apple."

HOW BILLIARD PLAYING ELECTED A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—It is not necessary for a politician to be absolutely slandered for vices. Congressional honors may occasionally be achieved by a reputation for comparatively trifling defects, or even a lack of accomplishments. We remember a well known Congressman, equally celebrated for his fastness and his talent, who, after being considerably used up on several games of billiards, was roundly told that he "might be a smart man, but one thing was certain—he hadn't been sent to Congress for his billiard playing."

"That's where you're all wrong," he responded in a cool drawl. "It was just that elected me, and nothing else."

"Y-e-s. I always lost every game; every body wanted to play with me, and I let 'em! That made me popular. Sometimes it cost me a hundred dollars a day—*but I got elected!*"

VERY TENDER.—The story is told of a certain New Zealand chief, that a young missionary landed at his island, to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked: "Did you know my departed brother?" "Ah, yes, I was deacon in his church." "Ah, then, you knew him well; and was he not a good and tender-hearted man?" "Yes," replied the pious deacon, with much gusto, "he very tender; I eat a piece of him!"

"LARNING."—"Ah," said old Mrs. Doomsenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them's spring, summer, and autumn; I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a gal!"

SUGGESTION FOR SOME OF OUR SCHOOL TEACHERS.—A school marm in England has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules she stands them on their heads and pours cold water into their trowsers legs.

NEW KIND OF PERSPIRATOR.—Alboni, in reply to a friend who wanted to know why she perspired so profusely when singing Verdi's music, replied that it wasn't ordinary perspiration, but Verdigrease."

SIMPLE MEANS OF DESTROYING FLIES.—To destroy flies, get a four-horse-power engine, put it in the kitchen, run shafting in every room, connected with the engine aforesaid by belting. On the shafting place fly wheels, smear the wheels with molasses, and set the engine going. The flies being attracted by the molasses on the fly wheels, will light on them, and the wheels revolving rapidly, they will be wheeled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a bat, and let him smite them as they fall, and before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill as many as fifty a day.

THEIR WAGES.—"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Get?" said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

JUBILEE.—An old English hunting song tells us that "The lark springs from the corn." On this side of the Atlantic the "lark" generally springs from the corn whiskey.

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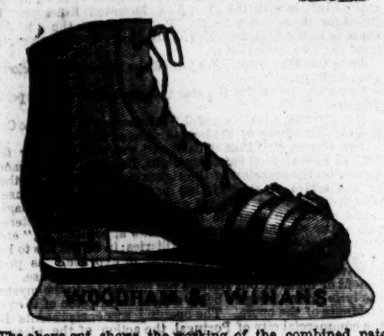

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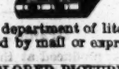

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Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 5, 1864.

IT IS a dangerous thing to be caught with a "black bag" in these days of chivalry; but when the bag contains a bottle or two, then its "pisen" and the bearer had better fly from the wrath to come, and all other baggage smashers, if he is able. There is no use in rebel sympathisers trying to make light of the recent attempt to destroy the city of New York; it was a well-devised plot, worthy of the chivalric spirit of the South, and but for ignorance and bungling on the part of the tools employed, might have succeeded in bringing about all the horrors and destruction of life contemplated by its originators. As the incendiaries seem to have a liking for black bags, it is to be hoped that they may have an opportunity of appearing in public, dangling at the end of a rope, with the black bag enveloping their heads. Although the authorities are doing all in their power to allay public excitement on the subject, there is still an unmistakable feeling of uneasiness manifested in all large assemblages, and the slightest alarm is almost immediately magnified into conflagrations, black baggers and phosphorescent demonstrations. This feeling was noticed during the past week in our places of public amusement, notwithstanding it was well known that every precaution had been taken by managers to guard against a repetition of the acts of incendiarism attempted the week previous. Our friends may rest assured that they can visit every place of amusement in the city in perfect security; there is not the slightest fear of another black bag invasion; in fact, the authorities are on the alert at all points, and woe betide the unfortunate wight who may fall into their hands—it is the policy of the phosphorus crew to keep dark and hide their light under a bushel, or anything else that may be handy.....There have been some "fresh novelties" produced since our last, all of which are treated of in other paragraphs. One of the dramatic triumphs of the times is that of "Hamlet," as now performed at the Winter Garden; it is a Shakespearean treat of a high order, and those who delight in the legitimate will not miss the opportunity of witnessing Edwin Booth's Hamlet at the house of Stuart.....The holidays approach—managers are preparing their Christmas and New Year's feasts—shop windows begin to attract the attention of the passer by—everybody is flush, Southern refugees included—and everything (always barring the war) indicates "a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

BEWARE of the dog. In looking over the amusement advertisements in the *Herald*, a few days since, we saw it announced, under the head of Van Amburgh's Menagerie, that the ship Golconda had just arrived, with 105 dogs, from Calcutta. Thinks we, what's up? Why so many of the canine element in this great moral exhibition? We could not understand it in this connexion. Had the lot been consigned to Harry Jennings, of canine renown, there would have been nothing surprising about it; but for a menagerie of wild and untamable hippopotamuses, elephants, pious buils, and sacred monkeys, the thing was a puzzle. We were so upset by it, that we went to the Menagerie to inquire about it, saw Mr. Frost or any other man, who kindly dispelled the dogmatic delusion by assuring us that it was a mistake of the printers, that instead of any bark bringing 105 dogs, the ship Golconda had arrived, in 105 *days* from Calcutta, with many rare and beautiful animals fresh from their rural homes in the depths of the forest, many of which had never visited this country before in a professional nor any other capacity; and this additional collection, which has been added to the original exhibition, can be seen without any extra charge. But the dog alarm shook us terribly.

"BACKWARD, turn backward, oh, Time, in thy flight," was written, perhaps, in reference to Young Bob Stickney's backward somerset, on a flying steed, now being performed at the Hippotheatron. As originally composed by the first author, the line doubtless read—"Backward, turn backward, oh, Bob, in your flight," and is supposed to have been addressed to Bob by the gentlemanly ringmaster, but in consequence of its passage through the hands of various adaptors, rejuvenators, etc., the true meaning of the poet, as well as Bob, has been overshadowed. We used to think we were doing dorseys when we learned how to bend the crab; and when, later, we managed a clean somerset on a pile of shavings, we believed it was useless to study the "foreign classics" any longer; as a turn-up-ist, we believed ourselves to be at the head of the school. That was then—in the language of Mr. William Barlow, "things isn't now as they was then;" as a bend-the-crab-ist, we are as far in the rear of the present generation as Hood is in the rear of Sherman, cutting off his communications at the wrong end. Just to think how difficult it is for some equestrians at the Central Park to *sit* on a horse properly—yet here we find young Bob Stickney throwing a backward somerset on the back of his horse, while the animal is flying around the track like a substitute broker after a raw recruit. They give a capital show at the Hippotheatron, some of the best performers in the profession being engaged there. The dog and monkey actors, even, are better, in their line, than those at the Academy, opposite.

THE "CORSICAN BROTHERS" disappeared from our gaze and Niblo's Garden on Saturday evening last, in the same mysterious manner as when they first appeared. The play has done well at the Garden, and but for star engagements previously contracted, might have gone on.....Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are now the stars, opening on the 5th in the "Connie Soogah," which met with such great success when first produced at this house. These stars are among the most popular now shining in the dramatic firmament of America, and among the most profitable as well. No performer ever received more genuine applause than Mr. and Mrs. Williams always receive in this city. Talking about applause, puts us in mind of something. We recently attended a Sabbath School entertainment, [don't smile, incredulous reader] in which the scholars spoke pieces, sung ditties, and such like. Among the rest was a little girl on whose head the frosts of five winters had not yet left a mark. She was down on the programme to speak a piece, and she performed her part so correctly, that at the close the entire assemblage broke out in loud and continued applause, which frightened the child. Her teacher tried to induce her to repeat her speech, in answer to the calls of the audience, but her reply was, "oh no, they'll make just such another racket if I do." What would not some of our public performers give to be the cause of just such a racket?

THREE CHEERS for Ward, the people's candidate. Let all free and enlightened voters examine their tickets, and see that they admit them to A. Ward's Mormon Show. Vote all such tickets early and often, and no scratching. Elect Ward, and he will reduce the price of red herrings; throw your suffrages in Ward's scale, and the free lunch will be restored to you; put in for Ward, and there will be no more gouging at the City Hall or at the Navy Yard; support Ward, and he will give all disappointed office seekers a passage to Salt Lake at cheaper rates than by any other line. Ward will address his constituents every evening, at Dodworth Hall. "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty." "Come as the waves come when navies are stranded." "We know our rights," and so forth. Be at Ward's polls early; challenge all suspicious voters who carry black bags and black bottles. One more rally, and the day is Ward's.

THERE WOULD have been many a "Poor Gentleman" in New York, in addition to he at the Broadway Theatre, had the nefarious and simultaneous incendiaries succeeded in their fell design to alter the architectural appearance of our goodly city. Happily, the little chambermaids and others who sit up aloft to watch o'er the fate of poor lodgers, nipped this precious bud of promise ere it had burst forth, and erased the phosphorusic staff with an avalanche of water. The Broadway is a monument of the enduring character of our public buildings, and John Owens is an embodiment of the lasting character of our "Poor Gentleman." See him while you have the opportunity. But Solon Shingle is John's *forte*; if he can't act to the life in that character, then Roger A. Pryor didn't "come in" and get caught for nothing. Ho, all ye who have not seen Owens' Shingle; now is your time; see it while you may. To-night is its 83d consecutive representation. Soon it'll be a hundred. A *recherche* boy is Owens.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Edwin Booth will enact the part of Hamlet is always sufficient to draw a crowded house. Place him where you will, surround him with poor actors and shabby scenery, and still "the force of his own merit makes his way." Not that we mean to say that at the Winter Garden the actors are poor and the scenery is shabby. No, far be it from us to make such an assertion; but what we do mean is that we have seen him under those circumstances, and he showed himself a man "whose worth, if praises may go back again, stood challenger on mount of all the age." Those who see him now, sustained by talent of the highest order, can form no conception how truly great he appeared in spite of all obstacles, and "we did think it writ down in our duty to let you know of it." Edwin Booth as Hamlet is the true embodiment of Shakspeare's ideal. We have before us a prince, naturally "gay and festive," suddenly sobered down by the knowledge of his mother's shame and his stepfather's guilt. Revenge seizes upon his soul, and his carrying out of this firm resolve is life-like in its rendering. There is no rant and no attempt to obtain the applause of his audience. He acts to suit himself, and forgets that he is but a player. He throws his whole soul into the part, and we see before us simply the noble Dane. Edwin Booth is a finished scholar and a true artist, and whatever he undertakes may become a model for others to go by. He is possessed of a graceful figure, a sweetly modulated voice, a gentlemanly bearing, and his motto is "No such word as fail." No expense has been spared in the production of the play, the costumes and scenery being magnificent. The play of "Hamlet" is usually brought out with old scenes and a stock company, and is left to sink or rise on its own merits. At an amateur performance, many years ago, we beheld a ghost who would persist in taking snuff, and the young man who took the part of the prince would insist on wearing cavalier boots and red tights, whilst the queen strutted the boards in regal robes of yellow silk. At the Winter Garden, the services of Mr. Charles Kemble Mason, Mr. Varrey, Mr. Thomas Placide, and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, jr., have been called in, and everything has been done to make "Hamlet" the hit of the season. The house has been crowded nightly, and even standing room has been known to bring a high figure. Every one likes Booth, the ladies are in love with him, and as long as this is the case, the treasury cannot help but be filled. To lay all joking aside, we do not hesitate to pronounce that "Hamlet," as now produced at the Winter Garden, is one of the greatest of all dramatic triumphs. Nothing drags, nothing satiates, but all is in good keeping. Those who would pass a few pleasant hours with the "immortal bard" should visit the Winter Garden.

MISS MARY BLAKE, the popular *danseuse* of the American Theatre, has, for the past six weeks, been an invalid, suffering severely from an attack of canker soar throat, and at one time her condition was so low that fears were entertained for her life; but through good care and skillful medical treatment, she is, we are happy to be able to say, in a fair way to recover. We have long missed Mary's handsome, ever smiling face, and trust that the days will not be long before we shall again have the pleasure of seeing it. Miss Blake, it is expected, will make her reappearance at 444 in the course of a week or two.

WHEN MAGIC first its mysteries did unveil, and people wondered at the conjuror's skill— We intended to write some verses on this tricky subject, but we're not in a sufficiently poetic strain to warrant us in going on. It is highly probable that we should have traced the art of magic, and witchcraft, and sorcery, and prestidigitation from the early days of the flood to the present enlightened and calculating age. We should have called your attention to the great modern institution called "Salle Diabolique"—introduced you to its master, the great Heller, and his Scarlet Spirit—explained the *modus operandi* of his many startling feats—entertained you with pleasant retrospections and reminiscences of conjuring performances, and done much to make you enjoy yourselves in reading our verses. All this, however, we must forego until some more fitting opportunity. In the meantime, let us conjure you, by all you hold dear, to repair with the fair to Heller's beautiful temple of magic, and there see and hear one of the most famous magicians and musicians of the nineteenth century.

"THE MINSTREL BOY to the war has gone," and it is highly probable that in some of the hospitals you may obtain tidings of him. Thus remarked a bard when the bugles sang truce a long time ago. It is not to be supposed, however, or nevertheless, that the bard had particular reference to the Nigger Minstrel boys of the current age, although many of them, we know, have done good service in freedom's cause. Instead of seeking the minstrel in the ranks of death, let us advise you to seek him at Wood's Minstrel Hall, where he may be seen under less distressing circumstances. There you may see him and hear him in all his exuberance; there you may enjoy his songs, laugh at his capers, envy him his diamonds and good clothes, and pass an evening most pleasantly. Long may it be ere we are called upon to seek the minstrel in the ranks of death—long may it be ere his voice is hushed, or the minstrel hall deserted. In Manager Wood's troupe there are some very clever comedians, a quartette of excellent vocalists, and a number of talented instrumental performers.

THE INTRODUCTION of promenade concerts by a few of the regiment bands of this city has tended to promote a musical taste amongst Gothamites, and to render familiar the works of great composers. Twice a month the spacious armory of the Seventh Regiment is crowded with a large assemblage to hear the sweet sounds produced under the direction of Signor Grafulla. The immense drill-room on the upper floor is jammed with people. Around and around they go in eddying circles, whilst diamonds flash and rubies sparkle, and the shrill notes of the clarionet are drowned in the deep roll of the drum. Beauty stares at beauty, takes in at a glance the color of a bonnet or the newness of a cloak, and could tell to a penny the price of either article. Incipient men, with a moderate allowance of down on their upper lips, lock arms together and join the circle for the purpose of making loud remarks. This custom, though highly ungentlemanly, is decidedly popular at these resorts. Dresses are torn, gloves are lost, fans are broken, corns are smashed, and people blush and grin, and laugh and swear. In the company rooms the lovers congregate and vow eternal affection and fidelity. No married folks are allowed in these hallowed retreats. There they sit, like lovers usually do, and fidget and sigh, whilst trumpets are sounded and the baton of the leader cuts innumerable figures out of the atmosphere. The music is excellent. Twice a month, also, the band of the Twenty-Second Regiment gives a concert at their armory in Fourteenth street. The building once devoted to the Sanitary Fair is then crowded with wealth and fashion. Every one comes to be pleased, and every one goes away pleased. We speak of the sensible portion of the visitors, because there are some who are foolish enough to suppose that, as there are no rooms where they can carry on a desperate flirtation, the concert is a failure. No! there is no out-of-the-way retreat where Count Bœuf D'Annee can whisper to Miss Lavinia Cod. "Here we sit, and let the sounds of music creep into our ears," but what of that? Let those who want to flirt stay away, and let only those come who want to hear. "Let there be music!" let the master touch the sprightly string, and softly breathing flute." Helmsmuller leads the band. Shakspeare tells us that music was ordained "to refresh the mind of man, after his studies," and bids us know that "certain stars shot madly from their spheres to hear the sea maids' music." We have no sea maids to delight the ear, but we have the bands of the Seventh and Twenty-Second Regiments; and old and small, young and tall, should hasten to pay them a visit. May success attend them both!

THE VARIETIES in the Bowery changed hands last week, and re-opens this evening under the management of Mr. George Lea, the enterprising music hall manager. Mr. Lea has secured a first-class company, and intends making the Varieties one of the most attractive places of amusement in the city. Stars of the first magnitude have been secured, and will appear in rapid succession. The following is a list of the company for the opening night:—Jenny Engel, vocalist; Helena Smith, danseuse; Fanny May, danseuse; Augusta Walby, danseuse; Louisa Walby, danseuse; Nelly Huntley, comedienne and vocalist; W. B. Cavanagh, vocalist and Irish comedian; J. H. Dougherty; Harry Bloodgood, Ethiopian comedian; Thompson and Kearns; Johnny Ward; Mons. Duverne, contortionist; Mons. Szollosi, ballet master; J. Warren, banjoist; Master Barry, the song and dance protege; John Denier, the Zampillaerostation artist; and numerous other artists, together with a *corps de ballet*. Mr. W. B. Cavanagh is in charge of the stage department.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE" was the subject of a lecture delivered by John B. Gough, on the 3d. As usual, a large number of peculiar people listened to the lecturer.

MORE INDIANS are on exhibition at Barnum's Museum, the red men of the forest showing the habits, costumes, and other customs of the tribe of which they are supposed to be prominent members. We know of no safer place to meet a lone and savage Indian than Barnum's Museum; there's no fear of the scalper there. As a fitting accompaniment to the Indian show, the dramatic company have been performing a "Pleasant Neighbor." .....We have been anxiously looking for an announcement that a black bag and bottle of phosphorus had been secured at great expense for exhibition at the Museum.... The giants, fat women, and dwarfs, who remain here a short time longer, make a very diversified exhibition in themselves, without reference to the learned seal, menagerie, happy family, etc. No visitor to the city has any license to leave without visiting the Museum.

THE STEAM ENGINE has always been a difficult conundrum to the generality of people, who have had no means of "seeing into the darned thing," as an erring brother of New Jersey once remarked. But now, thanks to Mr. Woodroffe and his Bohemian Glass Blowers, the problem is made as clear as glass, for those gentlemen have now on view at Hope Chapel a beautiful steam engine, made entirely of glass, and in complete working order. You can see the steam being made, and forcing its way through the intricate windings of the glass machinery, pushing the wheels around, and making it go entirely. It's a beautiful sight, and an instructive one. Two shillings will admit you to the glassy show.

NOVELTY UPON NOVELTY is the order of the night at "444" Broadway. What a cosy place it is, and how sociable and homelike everybody and everything seems; the singers, and the dancers, and the actors all appear to be on the most friendly footing with each other and with their audiences; and there is always something fresh to be seen or heard, some extra attraction or other. If we owned a place like the American, we don't think we'd make any more CLIPPERS. Why, it's a regular sub-treasury.

THE PETITE COMEDY of "St George and the Dra-goon" was produced at the Olympic on Monday evening of last week. In spite of the excitement caused by the recent fires, the little theatre was filled to overflowing, and beauty and fashion occupied the dress circle and parquet. A slight disturbance was occasioned by the noise of the firemen on their way to the International Hotel, but a few cries of "order" were sufficient to allay all fears, and soon after everything was calm and serene. It is astonishing what a number of handsome young ladies visit this place of amusement. Where do they come from? Barnum's contemplated gallery of beauty is now of no account, for any one who wants to see blushing damsels, pearly teeth, ruby lips, and queenly forms, has only to pay a visit to the Olympic and he will be satisfied. Not only do we find much to admire amongst the audience, but also on the stage, for the fair manageress has gathered together the belles of the profession. The plot of the new play is simple, and the scenery, to use a somewhat hackneied and common-place expression, is "bully." Marquis St. George, an unsophisticated scion of nobility, a mere boy, has been appointed to the command of a veteran regiment, through the influence of his father, and his ignorance of military tactics is made the subject of a highly interesting comedy. There is a tutor, with a weakness for Greek and mathematics, who is made to go through the manual of arms, much to his horror and disgust. He is evidently a Scotchman, and is the perfect picture of Dr. Syntax. There is a major, who prides himself upon his strict regard for discipline; there is a love-sick lieutenant; there is the major's daughter, who has been brought up at a convent; there are two or three other characters, a couple of songs, and that is all. No old ideas have been introduced, everything is new. The play is intended to show the folly of making a "know nothing" an officer, and is calculated to raise a laugh and drive dull care away. MRS. WOOD made a very good Marquis, and the other parts were well represented by Miss Eliza Newton, Messrs. Davidge, Stoddart, &c. The piece is in good hands, and will no doubt have a run. The entertainments commenced with "Milky White."

MR. JOHN BUTLER, well known in the minstrel profession as Pic Butler, banjoist and bones, died in this city Nov. 18th, of disease of the heart.

AT WOOD'S MINSTRELS a slight falling off was manifested last week, as well as at other places of amusement in the city, owing to the fear that the public have of a fire occurring; but this panic as it is will soon wear off, and everything will be "hunkeydora" again. A capital programme was offered by the "black birds" last week. Mr. Henry sang "In the Meadow" and "McCollen Astore" in a beautiful style. Purdy created considerable fun by singing "Tapioca," one of the most popular songs in the business. Haslar's Boehm Flute Solo is one of the features of the evening. It is well executed. The burlesque of "Camille" was run off in quick style by Purdy and Hughes. Mr. Mullenhauer gave a solo on the violin. This gentleman is a real artist, and knows how to handle that instrument. Among the new acts will be "The Black Leather Bag," which is said to be a capital take-off of the late hotel burners, and a warning to all who are phosphorically inclined. Purdy gives his Mississippi Fling, which is a capital thing, and really worth seeing. "Running the Blockade," "The Echo," and the laughable act of "The Cure" will be performed.

"THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE" will take place to-night, at the Broadway Theatre, when John Owens will appear in Buckstone's comedy of that name. Let us all cordially join in making the occasion a really happy one. Among others who will be present, we are permitted to mention the name of our jolly old friend, Solon Shingle.

THE GREAT BOOTH night at the Winter Garden is said to have realized $3,000 towards the Shakespeare Monument Fund. When shall we meet those three again? How they could sweep the country with such a combination as appeared here on the 25th November!

WALLACK has at last changed his regular routine of performances, and afforded us an opportunity of witnessing his company in a new piece. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 30, we dropped in to see Mr. Inchbald's comedy of "To Marry or Not to Marry," which has been reduced to three acts, and merely the chief features of the plot have been retained. The costumes, of the reign of William the Third, were magnificent; and the appointments, furniture, and tasteful arrangement of set scenes reminded us of the days when Laura Keene catered for New York sight-seekers. The play is made up of the usual variety of characters which distinguish the standard comedies. We have a love-sick youth, an uncle, a bookworm, a simple girl, a maiden-sister, and a kissable damsel. Miss Gannon fairly surpassed herself, and divided the honors with Lester, whose make up and conception of the part was Lesterian. The great fault, with the piece is, that whereas most all plays are a little too long, this is a little too short, for the perf rmances conclude at a very early hour. This is, of course, beneficial to the inhabitants of our sister cities, and we would advise them to profit by it. In true artistic merit we have seen few plays that equalled the new production at Wallack's For the benefit of those who expect a great deal for their money, another piece is now performed with "To Marry or Not to Marry," the latter scarcely filling up the usual time.

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT" the latest dramatic sensation has been the attraction the past week at the New Bowery Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal in the same *roles* they personated in London. The piece is highly sensational and replete with interest until the fall of the curtain. The piece includes the names of J. B. Howe, Mr. W. G. Jones, Mr. Thompson, and nearly all the principal members of the company. Mr. Thompson has an excellent character, and makes it one of the features of the performance. Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal are very clever performers, and have made quite a hit. "Waiting for the Verdict" will hold the boards all this week

THE OLD BOWERY brings out "La Tour de Nesle" this evening, introducing to the New York public Mr. William St. Maur in the character of Captain Buridan, and Miss Denvil plays Margaret. The buriettа of "Jenny Lind" and the drama of "The Flying Dutchman" are also performed with Miss Fanny Herring and G. L. Fox in the leading roles. On Friday evening of this week Miss Herring offers herself as a candidate for the patronage of the cast-aldera, in the form of a benefit. Miss Herring is a great favorite, and will, no doubt, have a bumper, for she certainly deserves it.

CONNER & LEA'S Dramatic and Musical Agency is a flourishing institution, and the proprietors, for the purpose of facilitating business, have established several branch agencies. For address, etc., see advertisement in another column.

THAT CLOG DANCER, Henry Stuart by name, wishes an engagement. See Messrs. Conner & Lea's advertisement in another column.

MRS. METHUA SCHELLER appeared at the Stadt Theatre on the 2d inst., as "Emilia Galott," in Lessing's classical play, with great success. Mr. Hoyn, in the character of Marinelli, also achieved a fine triumph. Madame Scheller appears on the 8th and 9th inst., at the Philadelphia Academy, as Ophelia to Mr. Forrest's Hamlet. On the 10th she commences an engagement at the Vestvall Lund Theatre, in Philadelphia. When she returns to this city, in two weeks, her benefit will take place at the Stadt Theatre, and Mr. Charles Pope will appear as "Othello" in German.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS had a good run of business last week. Frank Leslie, the stage manager, after an absence of a few nights, re-appeared last week. Henry Stewart appeared, in conjunction with Collins and Goodwin, in a triple clog dance, and made a big hit. Aynsley Scott, the interlocutor of this company, played his old trick last week by leaving the company without any notice whatever. He was not missed in the least, as his chair was filled equally as well by Mr. Leslie. Parties who are so unprincipled as Mr. Scott need showing up and made an example of by managers. Mr. James Copeland, baritone, has been added to the forces. Ned Davis, one of the end men, takes a benefit on the 9th inst. Ned has become quite a favorite there, and as he puts forth a good bill, he will no doubt have a scrowging house. Johnny Brooker commences here on the 12th inst.

HI. RUMSEY, the well-known banjoist, is at present in the city, "laid up" in Bond street in the celebrated Dr. Burdell house. Mr. Rumsey is completely paralysed and unable to resume his profession. His friends talk of getting up a benefit for him. Mr. Rumsey has a host of friends who would not hesitate to lend a helping hand now that he is in distress.

THE CHARLES PETERS TESTIMONIAL comes off at the Academy of Music on Thursday, the 8th inst. The performances will commence at 2 o'clock in the afternoon with "London Assurance," and in the evening, "School for Scandal." The affair is in the hands of all the managers of the city, and will no doubt be a success. Mr. Peters was run over a short time since by one of the Third avenue cars, the wheel passing over his leg and fracturing his ankle terribly. He is still confined to his bed, and it is a matter of time wholly whether his leg will be amputated or not. The wound does not seem to heal at all, but mortification has not yet set in. That Mr. Peters will not be able to appear on the stage again for a long time is a fact, and as he has a large family, it is hoped that his benefit will be a substantial one.

Dramatic.

"EAST LYNNE" was produced at the Detroit Athenæum, Nov. 28th. "Pluto," writing on the 1st inst., says: "The acting of little Lizzie Gatland—a mere child—deserves especial notice. On Nov. 29th, the "Rose of Lima" was produced, Mr. Hamilton as Harry Clinton, Mr. Bock as Major McFuddle, Mr. Harry Jordon as Chiselby, Miss M. A. Pennoyer and Miss Lena Prentice were all good. The play will doubtless run throughout the entire week. The "Bride of Lammermoor" is in active preparation.

SAM RAINFORTH opened in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Nov. 28th, with a dramatic company. The opening piece was the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," with the following cast—A. O. Miller as Bob Brierly, J. K. Krueger as Jem Dalton, C. M. Williams as Hawkshaw, J. M. Howitt as Melter Moss, Mrs. A. O. Miller as May Edwards, and Nellie Milholland as Mrs. Willoughby.

ALICE KINGSBURY commenced the second week of her engagement in Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 28th, at the New Theatre, with Delicott's Irish sensation drama of "The Lady of Kildare."

MR. AND MISS COULDOCK appeared at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill., on Nov. 28th, in the "Chimney Corner." Miss Minnie Lanier made her first appearance this season on this occasion, in the "Young Widow." The Newton and Boniface Alliance were announced to follow the Couldocks.

THE DENVER THEATRE, Denver City, Col. Ter., is said to be doing a good business. On Nov. 16th, the drama of "My Preserver" and the farce of "The Irish Lion" were produced.

L. P. BARRETT commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on Nov. 28th, with "Rosedale," supported by Miss Emma Hall. He was well received throughout the week.

AT THE LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, Theatre, "Camille" was performed on Nov. 25th, with Mrs. Henry Linden as Camille, and Edwin Marble as Armand.

MATILDA HERON produced her new play of "Mathilde" Nov. 29th, at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. Business with Matilda was pretty good during the week.

OLIVE LOGAN will be the star last week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. On Nov. 30th, she appeared as Parthenia in "Ingomar."

THE WEBB SISTERS commence a brief engagement Dec. 19th, at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill.

GROVER'S OPERA TROUPE is in possession of Grover's Washington Theatre, this week, commencing there on the 5th, in "Robert Le Diable." On the 6th, "Faust"; 7th, "Martha"; and the 8th, "The Jewess."

THE ACTORS' ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP, of Philadelphia, is a most commendable institution, one which it is properly deemed an honor to be attached to. Its membership list contains the names of very many of our leading actors, as will be seen by reference to our advertising columns. May prosperity always attend on the "Order," and the object of its institution fully realised.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre Nov. 28th, opening in the new play of "The Jewess of Madrid," an adaptation by John Oxenford from the French of Lavigne, in three long acts. Its scene is laid in Spain, in the reign of Philip II., just after the abdication of Charles V., both monarchs appearing as active characters in the piece. The plot is said to be elaborate and interesting, only admitting a little tediousness in some passages in the second act, which might well be made shorter and its incidents more rapid. Mrs. Bowers assumes two entirely distinct parts—one as the Jewess, and the other as a boy novice in womanish apparel.

THE NATCHEZ (Miss.) THEATRE, a correspondent says, has been doing a most excellent business of late. Miss F. Edstrom having recovered from her late indisposition, has resumed her position as leading lady. She has established herself as a great favorite in that city. R. E. J. Miles was the star for the week ending Nov. 19th. He had been playing a round of his horse pieces.

MR. THAD. P. VARNEY, who for three years has been doing his country good service in the Union Army, has established the drama on a firm basis at Springfield, Ill., in Capital Hall. On Nov. 25th, "The Stranger" was produced to a crowded house, with Mr Varney as the Stranger and Miss M. Madalane as Mrs. Haller. Mr. Varney has also appeared with much success as Solon Shingle, in the "People's Lawyer." The "Sea of Ice" was to be produced last week. A walking gent and singing chambermaid are wanted. See advertisement in another column.

HARRY CLIFFORD made his appearance at the Columbus (Ohio) Opera House last week, appearing as Paddy Miles, in "The Limerick Boy."

J. B. ROBERTS commenced an engagement at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 28th, with Rouse's Dramatic Company. He opened to a crowded house, and business was good during the week.

BOUCICAULT'S drama of "Jessie Brown," with new scenery and appointments, is the attraction at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia..... The *matinees* at this establishment have become quite popular, the house being crowded every Saturday afternoon with a gay and highly delighted audience.

IT IS COMPUTED that twenty thousand persons witnessed Mr. Edwin Forrest's Coriolanus during the eight representations of it given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Some lovers of Shakespeare were so pleased with the performance that they attended every night. This speaks well for the great American tragedian, who, like good wine, improves with age. "King Lear" is on this week.

J. W. WALLACK, Jr.'s dramatization of "Gamea, the Hebrew Mother," was announced for the 5th at the Walnut, Philadelphia, with Miss Lucille Western as the Mother.

THE PEORIA THEATRE, Ill., is now under the management of Messrs. Anderson & Elliott. It is a large and comfortable place of amusement, and well-stocked with scenery, etc., so that stars travelling that way will find it to their advantage to give the Peorians a call. A leading man, an old man, and a utility woman are wanted by Messrs. Anderson & Elliott. See advertisement in another column.

MR. W. W. PRATT, the well-known actor, author, painter, musician, preacher, manager and temperance lecturer, died at Rochester, N. Y., on November 28th, and his remains were to be taken to Boston for interment. His last appearance on any stage was on November 19th, at the Rochester Theatre, as Manvers, in "The Dumb Belle." Mr. Pratt was born in Boston, in 1821. At an early age he was left with a handsome competency, and he embarked in business, but, as it did not prove remunerative, he was induced, by the late eccentric manager and actor, Mr. E. H. Wyatt, to adopt the stage as a profession, and, in September, 1851, appeared as Jacob Twig, in one of the suburban towns on Mr. Wyatt's circuit, near Boston. For five years he continued to travel with Mr. Wyatt, playing every kind of business, frequently enacting such doubles—trebles rather—as Picard and Delparc in "Therese," playing, also, all the music at the wings on his violin, and occasionally playing the "adagio movement" for himself to die. During the run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mr. Pratt was the "second original" of Uncle Tom in Hartford, New Haven, and other cities in Connecticut. In 1858 he left the stage and preached at the Pitt Street Chapel, from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but my people do not know me concerning Israel." The church was crowded with professionals and friends of the "actor-preacher." Preaching not proving lucrative, he returned to the stage and wrote for George E. Locke the play of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" playing the same in all the eastern cities with success. A year afterwards we find him lecturing on temperance, under the patronage of J. B. Gough, with whom, in early days, he was connected with the "Thespian Society." When Mr. Wyzeman Marshall opened the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mr. Pratt, having been offered an engagement, abandoned lecturing on temperance, but adhered to its principles, and remained with Marshall until October, 1862, when he journeyed with Jane English's Ravel Troupe through the Canadas, as business manager. He filled the same position at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, while that lady was manageress. A short time since he commenced an engagement at Rochester, which he was fulfilling at the time of his death. He was a whole-souled man, and leaves behind him a large circle of friends who will mourn his loss.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT was produced for the first time on Monday night, Nov. 28th, at Mrs. Conway's Park Theatre. The clever acting of the majority of the artists engaged in the cast makes it presentable and attractive to the majority, and, as it is well placed upon the stage, it meets with a success that is not warranted by the merits of the drama itself. Conway's Jasper Rosebiade is a capital personation of the honest English yeoman, as does Lewis, as the aged father of Jasper. The court-scene brings into play Mrs. Conway's elocutionary powers to advantage in her double character of Lawyer Gratton; and we also noticed several commendable points about the acting of young Parsons as the counsel for the prosecution in the same scene. He is a rising young actor of good promise, and, under the able direction of his tutor, bids fair to become notable in the profession. Messrs. Fletcher and Wemyss add much to the success of the piece by their good acting—Wemyss' make-up being excellent, with one exception, and that is, in his wearing embroidered stockings while personating a Yorkshire rough. Grover's Blinkey Brown takes the fancy of the occupants of the upper tier, and, we presume, he thinks "there's nothing like it." The Warren Combination Troupe are underlined to appear at this theatre. Mr. E. F. De Nyse is preparing a drama for Mrs. Conway, which will be produced shortly after the holidays. He wrote a play for Miss Charlotte Thompson entitled "Elsie, or, A Family Jewel," which that lady considers one of the most effective dramas in her *repertoire*.

LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT and staff visited Glenn's Theatre, Norfolk, Va., on Nov. 29th, and witnessed the performance of "The Seven Sisters." Miss Lotta, who played Tartarine, was called before the curtain three times.

MR. CHARLES SALISBURY, a well-known actor in the West, died on Nov. 19th, at New Orleans, after a lingering illness of four months. He was buried at Cypress Grove, Nov. 21st, and was followed to the grave by the members of the Varieties and St. Charles Theatre. He left a widow and three children. Mr. Salisbury was a very clever actor, and was well-known in the West, particularly at St. Louis, where he was attached to DeBar's Theatre for some time.

LAURA KEENE and Combination Troupe were to commence an engagement at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 5th inst.

MR. MORRIS SIMMONDS, acting manager of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, publishes a card in this issue of the CLIPPER, warning managers against a W. T. Melville. The advertisement speaks for itself.

MR. OLIVER H. WHEELER, an actor, but better known as W. R. Barre, connected with Wood's Museum, Chicago, was arrested was afterwards removed to Chattanooga, tried before a court-martial, and found guilty of desertion. He was sentenced to be shot on the 15th inst.

THE PROFESSION is pretty well represented in the Union army, defending their country. Mr. Cortland Folwell, of Philadelphia, is at present with Company G, Third Regiment N. Y. Vols., at Laurel Hill, Va., and whose three years' term expires in nine months. Mr. C. B. Vincent, an old member of the Boniface Brasted for three years more. P. J. Healy, of the Joe Jefferson Club, is in the Eighteenth N. Y. Vols.; has served two years, and is good for three years more.

ANNA CRUISE COWELL has joined the forces at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

ETTIE HENDERSON is the star this week at the Davenport (Iowa) Theatre.

MR. CUTTER, a member of J. W. Lanergan's Dramatic Company at Detroit, had one of his legs amputated last week.

THE OPERA OF "DON SEBASTIAN" was produced for the first time in Brooklyn on Saturday night, Dec. 3d, at the Academy of Music, on the occasion of the eighth opera night and the third of the series of subscription performances, the house being crowded by quite a brilliant and fashionable assemblage. The make up of the operatic bill included the usual stereotyped phrases of "brilliant costumes," "new appointments," etc., with the promise of two hundred auxiliaries; in fact, it was to be given in "gorgeous style" and "regardless of expense," as presented in New York. This, of course, helped to fill the house. For the benefit of those of our readers not initiated into the mysteries of the lyric drama, we give below a brief description of the plot and incidents of the opera. The opening scene represents Lisbon, the commercial city of Portugal, the action of the piece beginning, of course with a chorus. The King of Portugal, one Sebastian, is about to depart on a fillibustering expedition against the Mahommedans, and an uncle of his, and his privy counsellor, who have ambitious designs of their own, are glad to see the monarch take his leave. Everything being ready, his majesty is just about going on board, when he is confronted by Camoens, the Portuguese poet-laureat, who, having "been there," is desirous of taking another trip to Africa, and asks to go with Sebastian. This favor granted, he pleads for another, viz., the life of an Arab girl whom he discovered among the captives of the Portuguese army, named Zaida, she having saved his life once when he was in a bad fix among the Arabs. This favor also being granted, the party set sail and duly arrive at their destination. This closes the first act. The second opens with a scene in the house of the Governor of the town the Portuguese are attacking, one "Ben Selim," when Zaida—released and sent home—is found "at home," and enjoying the attractions of a *corps de ballet*. Anon a battle takes place, and the Arabs give the Portuguese what S

tres of Washington. The capacious Temple is full almost every night. The performances are really first class. The clerks from the various departments are extensive patrons of this establishment, and no doubt Messrs. Fox, Curran & Norris will derive a handsome revenue from this class of citizens. The world-renowned Marinetti Troupe, from Niblo's Garden, commence at the Oxford on the 8th inst., and judging from the success they met with when playing at Grover's Theatre last winter, they are very likely to meet with a good reception.

MISS MARY NEWTON and Joe Ditman were announced to commence at the Canterbury, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 5th inst.

CARRIE LEON, Jas. Quin, J. A. Warner, Master Henderson, Miss Annie Rush, Miss Mary Warren, Mr. W. W. Batchelor, John Forbes and W. Lesher are among the performers at Long's Varieties, Philadelphia. Long may they wave!

BINGHAM BISHOP'S NEW VARIETIES, situated opposite the post-office, Chattanooga, Tenn., was opened for the first time, November 16th. The proceeds of the first night, together with enough to amount to $1000, have been donated by Manager Bishop, for the erection of a national monument to the honor of the fallen braves of Chickamauga, to be erected in the National Cemetery. The company consists of F. Gerard, Add Ryman, W. F. Bush, Bob Lindley, Ned Straight, Eddie Fox, Johnny Murphy, Lottie Howland and Miss Somerset. Sig. Constantine and his ballet-troupe, and Billy and Sally Sweetman, were announced for an early appearance. In addition to the usual music-hall melanges, a farce is given every night.

MR. CHARLES COVELLI commenced at the Canterbury, Washington, a brief engagement, Nov. 28th, at the conclusion of which he goes to Alexandria for two weeks, commencing there on the 5th inst. He then returns to the Canterbury, Washington, to appear in the Christmas Pantomime.

MISS JULIA YALE, now one of the leading *danseuses* at the Varieties in Cincinnati, is, it is claimed by one of the lady's admirers, the best on those boards. His eulogy of the lady's fascinating appearance and terpsichorean abilities will be found in our advertising columns.

CHARLIE STRAIGHT, you are wanted at Bishop's Varieties, Chattanooga, Tenn. For further particulars, see advertisement in another column.

TONY PASTOR, who has been on a professional visit to St. Louis, appeared three nights last week at the Casino, Philadelphia. He was received with every token of favor—his songs were *encored* and *re-encored* "every time;" but Tony "always takes things in a quiet way," and so he did on this occasion.

THE CANTERBURY, Harrisburg, is now run by Messrs. Cross and Dunlap, with Jim Flake as business and stage manager. Miss Mary Newton, vocalist, was added to the company. The company as at present organized consists of Ed Haven, Joe Miler, J. C. Keane, Viola Howard, Malinda Keene, Sam Welser and Jim Smith. Business since the opening night has been very flattering to the managers. Matt Gebler, comic vocalist, was announced for an early appearance. Talent can always get engagements.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Detroit, holds its own yet. The names of the principal members of the company are as follows: O. W. Blake, E. C. Buel, Harry Leslie, Fernando Fleury, Tom Williams, Pete Lee, Master Albert, Mrs. O. W. Blake, M'lle Rosetta, and the Misses Hattie Hinckley, Emma Masson, Kate Partington, Maggie Vernon, and several others of lesser note. M'lle Louise, the drummer girl, makes her first appearance Dec. 1st. Tom Williams, who had become quite a favorite there, has left for Chicago. O. W. Blake and lady left last week to open Dec. 8th at Chadwick's Varieties, Chicago. M'lle Rosetta and Emma Masson open at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo, on the 7th inst.

ONE OF the largest music halls in the country will probably be in operation next season in Philadelphia, Mr. Robert Fox, of the Casino, having secured a lease of the Continental Theatre, a large establishment on Walnut street above 8th. We believe Mr. Fox comes into possession of the Continental in April next, when he will at once go to work to remodel the place, and convert it into a most magnificent music hall. In the fitting up, it will probably be as elegant a hall as there is in this or any other country. It is thought that the Casino will be demolished next season.

A GOOD JOKE was played on Gaynor, a member of the company playing at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, lately. A "lady of color," seated somewhere near the roof of the theatre, had evidently become enamored of his "shape," and, rather than let

"Concealment,
Like a worm in the bud,
Prey on her *ebony* cheek,"

she determined to give expression to her passion. As Gaynor, dressed as the *beau ideal* of a plantation dandy, concluded one of his inimitable banjo-solos, the dark-browed maiden tossed upon the stage a handsome bouquet. Gaynor picked it up, hesitated for a moment, then, kissing the token of affection, and waving it in the direction of the love-stricken damsel, retired from before the footlights, followed by the shouts of the audience. The female leaned over the gallery-railing, and waved her hand until his form was lost to view behind the envious canvas-walls of the stage.

MISS EMMA WINTHROP, comic vocalist and comedienne, and William Sparks, light and heavy balancer, are in the market for engagements with managers of music-halls. Miss Winthrop is said to be very clever in farces, and is "well up" in "Our Gal" and "A Day in Paris." See advertisement in another column.

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL, who, for the past five weeks, has been delighting the frequenters of the Casino, Philadelphia, is open to negotiate with managers. See advertisement.

NEW CANTERBURY HALL, Hamilton, C. W., of which Mr. William Richardson is lessee and A. W. Church manager, is reported to be one of the largest, best, and most convenient places of amusement in Canada. The management endeavor to give a good variety entertainment with an efficient company, and, to that end, are at all times ready to engage good performers, and pay in gold. See advertisement in another column.

AT FRED AIMS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, Marietta Ravel and Master Winter Ravel closed their engagement last week. Millie Fowler has recovered from her severe illness, and again skips the boards with the light fantastic toe. Nellie Taylor will shortly appear, together with a host of other stars.

LEON JAVELI was to commence at the Varieties, Detroit, Mich., on the 5th inst.

MR. W. J. THOMPSON, together with his dogs Hector and Carlo, can be secured by Managers through their agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea.

AT BERT'S NEW IDEA, San Francisco, the manager presides over a numerous and versatile troupe, and new ideas are constantly introduced.

Circuses.

AT MRS. C. WARNER'S CIRCUS, Philadelphia, John C. Rivers was to make an appearance on the 5th inst.

MANAGER WILSON, of circus renown, leased Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on Nov. 2d, with a company of equestrians and acrobats. On the floor of the hall a ring forty-three feet in circumference, called a "magic" one in showman's parlance, has been laid down at a cost of $600; and in place of the sawdust to save the hoofs of the horses, and the bones of the performers when they lose their balance, the coursing portion of the arena has been fitted with patent combination cushions, and the centre with a sort of mattrass arrangement, covered with a gorgeous velvet pile carpet. The hall will hold comfortably about seven hundred people. The season was to last only a week, and was to consist of complimentary benefits.

JAMES MYERS, the well-known circus clown and manager, who has been in England several years, contemplates a visit to this country in the spring, with his wife, formerly Rose Madigan.

Negro Minstrelsy.

J. W. SMITH, Ethiopian comedian, was taken ill, Nov. 11th, while performing on the stage at Bishop's Varieties, Chattanooga, Tenn. After an encore he was completely prostrated, and was confined in the private room of T. B. Bishop (in the theatre); but owing to the noise of rehearsals and confusion made by carpenters on the building, he was removed at the request of Capt. Slayton, Co. H 1st U.S. Eng., to that gentleman's private quarters, where all attention was paid to him. He died Wednesday night, Nov. 23d, at 10 o'clock. At 9.50 he said "Come here, boys, quick." Eddie Fox, Robt. Lindly, W. H. Macky, and Ned Straight rushed to his bedside. He asked for water, and spoke no more. The Post Band (29th Ind.) escorted his remains to the depot, followed by the entire company of performers belonging to Bishop's Varieties. His remains were shipped to Geo. J. Deagle's Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, in a metallic coffin. He leaves many warm friends to mourn his sudden departure.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS have "struck ile" by means of the "Oil Borers," a sketch in which Lew Simmons, H. Lehr and E. N. Slocum appear.

A VIOLONCELLOIST and solo performer wishes a position with some minstrel troupe. See H. W. Walsh's advertisement in another column.

MORAN'S MINSTRELS have suspended their performances at the Chestnut-street Opera House, Philadelphia, in order that the house may be enlarged and otherwise improved. They have attracted excellent audiences during the three months they have been performing there. Moran is more and more liked the more he is seen and heard. They re-open on the 15th.

W. W. NEWCOMB, proprietor of Newcomb's Minstrels, we learn, has been lying seriously ill with inflammation of the the lungs for the last three weeks, and unable to attend to business; but we are informed that he is now on the eve of recovery and will report for duty in the course of a few days. The troupe open in Louisville, Ky., Tuesday, Dec. 6th, for five nights, thence they go to Cincinnati for a short season. Thus far the Newcombs have been one of the most successful troupes traveling this season. Good management must insure success, and Newcomb is considered one of the very best.

TOM BRIGGS, Professor of Ethiopianism, advertises in this issue.

MESSRS. KELLY AND LEON are now running the Academy of Music, Chicago. John Allen joined the troupe last week.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, San Francisco, is now open with Murphy and Bray's Minstrels, and a dramatic company led by Mrs. W. H. Leighton. Spectacles, musical burlesques, Ethiopian extravaganzas, operatic gems, pantomimes, comic and sentimental singing, dancing, solos, duets, local songs, quartettes, etc., make up a very pleasant evening's performance.

THE EUREKA MINSTRELS continue very successful in San Francisco. Birch and Backus still do the funny "biz," with the aid of Wambold, Abecco, Coes, Medina, Shattuck and others. Little Jenny Worrell is also in the company.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS have been doing a good business in the Eastern country. The route ahead is as follows: Salem, Mass., on the 7th; Lawrence, 9th; Lowell, 10th; Portland, 15th, 16th and 17th; Bangor, 24th and 26th. Thence through the East prior to the winding up of their travelling tour.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS did a rushing business at their Opera House, Brooklyn, last week. Every evening during the week the Brower was well received, and did his Uncle Tom dance with much success. This week J. S. Cox, the flutist, commences with Cool Burgess repeats his laughable act of "Nicodemus Johnson."

Miscellaneous.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE was performing at Peoria, Ill., on Nov. 30th.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW had a good run of business last week at Pittsburgh.

PROF. AND MAD. MILLER gave an entertainment at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, Dec. 1st, for the benefit of the poor of that city, and had a very good house.

EVANS & CO'S GIFT SHOW opened at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, Nov. 23d, for two weeks. On Dec. 5th, the last night of the season, the manager was to give away a handsome pianoforte. On Dec. 6th they were to open at Erie, Pa., for five days, and at Crittenden Hall, Titusville, Dec. 12th, for one week.

THE CAMPBELL CASTLE OPERA TROUPE have been experiencing very bad weather since they started out on their tour. They appeared at Deering Hall, Portland, Me., on Dec. 1st, and remained three nights to good business. On the 6th inst., this party was announced to open at Quebec, C. E.

M. JOHN DENIER, the popular gymnast, is at present one of the principal attractions at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, in conjunction with Sanderson's Russian War. His engagement closes there on the 10th. On the 9th he takes a benefit, when a host of volunteers appear. Monsieur opens in this city at Lea's Varieties on the 12th inst.

GOODWIN & CARLING'S GLASS BLOWERS, with the glass steam engine Fairy Queen, were exhibiting with much success last week in some of the principal towns in Connecticut. At New Haven business was splendid for two nights. The managers claim for their steam engine that it is three times larger than any similar engine in existence. After finishing their stay on the New Haven road, the company goes up the Hudson River, visiting all the principal towns on the route, through the West and into the Canadas.

THE ALLEGHANIANS perform in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, on the 9th inst.

THE VARIAN-HOFFMAN TROUPE were to sing at Binghampton, N. Y., on the 7th inst.

WILSTON, the humorist, was billed to appear at Binghampton, N. Y., on the 7th inst.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE have been meeting with success in the Western country. They were at Dubuque on Nov. 26th, and had big crowds to listen to them.

PHIL. ANTONIO, the well-known circus manager, is travelling through the West with a Polyorama of the War. On Saturday evening, Nov. 26th, while exhibiting at Elmwood, Ill., in the new hall of Jones & Vandervort, a most miraculous escape was made by an immense crowd from instant death. The hall was so densely packed in every position that the supporters in the centre of the floor, unable to sustain the great weight, gave way and went crashing through the floor below with an alarming force. Fortunately, however, they caught against the main cross timber in the cellar, and thus prevented the hall floor from falling more than a foot. But for this providential circumstance hundreds would have been hurried to an untimely end! The wildest confusion for a time existed; but by the efforts of Dr. Chambers and one or two other gentlemen, comparative quiet was restored, and the audience passed out in safety. The accident resulted from the failure to block up the vacancy between the main timbers below the lower floor, which is now being done; otherwise the hall is pronounced one of the safest in the country.

THE NATIONAL COMBINATION and Variety Show, under the management of Rufus Somerby, was to exhibit at Tweedie Hall, Albany, on the 5th and 6th inst. This organization is one of the largest at present travelling, and consists of the Snow Brothers, the Levantin Brothers, Lizzie Somerby, vocalist, Effie Carlton, Dick Sands, Jessie Robinson, Simon Sloan, Harry Bryant, the Florentine Troupe, eight in number, and a troupe of performing dogs and monkies. A farce is given at each entertainment.

THE ELLINGER AND FOOTE COMBINATION showed in Williamsport, Pa., last week and were muchly glad thereof, the attendance during their entire stay being most excellent. Their route ahead is as follows—Lebanon 5th and 6th, Carlisle 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, and Hagerstown the 12th, 13th and 14th. On the 21st inst. they commence active operations in Harrisburg for one week, at the Court House, and finish the month at Lancaster.

HUBBARD'S TABLEAUX of the Western World exhibited at Lowell, Mass., on Thanksgiving. Sig. Vivaldi, Miss Christina Hasty, J. G. Hubbard, O. Underwood, C. F. Haydon and H. A. Thomas make up the company. The Show will remain in the Eastern country for some time.

LIZZIE D. KITTREDGE, a young lady at South Walden, Vt., is anxious to procure a situation with a first-class concert troupe as an E b Cornet player. She already plays several pieces, but what she most desires is, to get with some good company and will give her services for the privilege of learning, the company defraying her expenses. The lady can be addressed as above.

TWO JUVENILE CLOG DANCERS, of 15 and 17 years of age respectively, advertise in this issue of the CLIPPER for a chance to exemplificate on heel-and-toe-ology.

OF AMUSEMENTS IN UTICA a correspondent thus dilates:—"Shows of all kinds are popular and well attended here. Nigger minstrels, panoramas, pious lectures, spiritual *seances*, magicians, etc, etc., draw in the gilded shinplasters and the promiscuous population.....Mechanics Hall is the popular showplace, and there our people do much resort....Directly opposite, and where the sweet strains of eternal music fall upon the weary ears of the postmaster and his posse of clerks, is situated the saloon of Sam and Tom Hague.....It is fitted up in true metropolitan style. Mine hosts have worked their way into the good graces of the citizens here, and crowds of sports throng the favorite resort night after night. The polite champion of clog-dancers will not suffer for want of patronage while he remains in our midst.....Griffin's Billiard Parlor is another fixed institution. It is one of the best saloons in the State out of New York City; contains eleven tables, and everything about it arranged for the comfort of its patrons, of whom there are indeed a goodly number."

"THE ORIGINAL ETHNO SOTERIAN, or the Bondage of the Children of Israel," was to exhibit at Trenton, N.J., on the 5th inst.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW commenced a five night's stay in Pittsburgh, Nov. 29th, at Masonic Hall. On the 14th the Show opens in Steubenville, Ohio, for four days.

JOHN W. WHISTON is doing an extensive business in western New York. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, he performed at Mansard Hall, Oswego, to a packed house. The *Times* of that city says:—"His comicalities are unapproachable by any other performer in his line before the public; in fact we know of no other engaged in furnishing similar amusement. Winchell—peace to his memory—entertained large audiences in his day with performances of like character; but with no disrespect to the ability of the deceased humorist, we must say that his delineations and caricatures were dull and tame compared with those of Whiston. Mr. A. B. Palmer most admirably conducts the business of the concern, and Harry Butler advertises."

M. VERRECKE has certainly eclipsed every performance of the gymnastic kind attempted in this or any other country. On the occasion of his farewell benefit in Baltimore, on Nov. 29th, at the Maryland Institute, he succeeded in accomplishing the most difficult and dangerous feat ever performed, viz., he had two flying trapeze suspended from the dome and placed at a distance of forty-five feet apart. Between the two and placed on the stage was a high ladder upon which a person stood with a paper balloon. M. Verrecke started from one of the trapeze, and while in mid-air turned a forward somerset through the balloon and caught the other trapeze. It was his first attempt to do it in this country, and he succeeded to the satisfaction of all. The *great* Leotard attempted this feat in Europe and failed. Verrecke attempted it in Europe and succeeded, but split his nose in doing it. It created a great excitement, and had he attempted it in this city, he would have created as great a *furore* here.

BLITZ, with his canary birds, is again giving entertainments in Philadelphia, in Assembly Buildings. As a magician, Blitz is in great favor with the little people, wherever he goes.

GREENWAY'S HALL at Ripon, Wis., is said to be one of the most complete halls in the western country, and well adapted for theatrical representations and concerts of all kinds. Exhibitions of any kind, travelling in that part of the country, would do well in stopping at Ripon, as the place is said to be a good show-town.

STEPHEN MASSETT gives "Drifting About" at Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 9th inst., before the Shakespearian Association.

CHASE & NEWCOMB'S exhibition of moving figures was holding forth in Boston last week to most excellent houses. The exhibition is said to be one of the most attractive and interesting now traveling.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave their first performance for two weeks on the 30th of November. Our correspondent, J. J. L., says:—"The house was filled to repletion, many being turned away from the doors on account of there being no room. The bill for the occasion was the 'Ticket of Leave Man.' Mr. J. Wallace sustained the character of Bob Brierly, and acquitted himself creditably. Mr. Sailor's Jem Dalton was performed pretty well, but was not as good as we have seen him perform the character before. Hawkshaw, by Mr. J. Brooke, was decidedly one of the features of the play, and was acted with much spirit. Mr. E. E. Hulfish, Jr., as Melton Moss, was, as usual, very amusing. His delineation of that character was, according to my idea, the best I have seen on the regular stage with the exception of Mr. B. Young, of the Walnut Street Theatre. Gibson, by Mr. J. Burns, was very good. Mr. Dye, as Sam Willoughby, was excellent, his light form and small figure peculiarly adapting him to the character. Maltby, by Mr. Harrison, was tolerable. Miss Vernon, as May Edwards, was the feature of the performance, and sung, incidentally, 'No One to Love,' for which she was *encored*. Mrs. Willoughby, by Miss Stanley, was very good, but a disposition existed to overdo her part. On the whole, the performance was a decided success, and reflects much credit upon the Wheatley."

THE MAPLE LEAF MINSTRELS and Brass Band, under the direction and management of Mr. Bob Welsh, will give their second concert at Brady's Hall, Prescott, Dec. 15th, when the following company will appear: Bob Walsh, T. Allen, T. Dixson, G. Taylor, F. C. Webb, J. W. Julaty, C. Dunn, E. Miller, J. Latimer, T. Latimer, J. O'Brien, T. Fitzgerald, W. Tracey, D. H. Ray, P. Gavey, J. Conners, and P. McMahon.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Ballaarat, is to be converted into a temperance or total abstinence hall, and the other theatre, the Charley Napier, into a brewery, so that shortly Ballaarat will be without a theatre.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, Sydney, is still open, under the management of Mr. Simmons. Miss Joey Goughenheim, Miss Annie Lockhart, and Mr. Jefferson were the attractions on Sept. 20th.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON has commenced a series of farewell performances at Sydney, and was to commence a last engagement in Melbourne on Oct. 15th, at the Theatre Royal, after which he proceeds to England via California.

THE PARIS PAPERS announce the death of M. Aristippe, a well known actor many years ago at the Theatre Francais and Odeon, and one of Talma's pupils. He had been living for several years in a state of destitution, and in all but complete isolation.

MR. BENJAMIN TENNETT, a scenic artist of some celebrity, and lately attached to the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, died at Geelong, Australia, Sept. 11th. Mr. Tennett some months ago paid a visit to his son at Dunedin, New Zealand, and the fatigue of an unfavorable passage and change of climate seriously impaired his previously good health, and on his return to Melbourne he suffered so much that he was advised to visit Geelong for change of air, where, after a sojourn of a few days, he was found dead in his bed, having apparently expired without a struggle. He was buried in the Geelong Cemetery, and followed to the grave by Mr. A. Sullivan (representing Barry Sullivan, Esq.), Messrs. Hennings, R. Stewart, Harwood, Scott, and several members of the Theatre Royal. The entire expense of the funeral, and the travelling expenses of those who wished to attend, were undertaken by Mr. Barry Sullivan. Poor Ben just lived to hear of the great triumph of his last work, Brutus' Garden, in "Julius Cæsar," and then shuffled off this mortal coil, for, let us hope, a better scene.

JOHN COLLINS, Irish comedian, closed his engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on Nov. 19th.

MRS. W. H. BERESFORD, an actress of great versatility of talent, and well-known and respected in the Yorkshire district, breathed her last, November 13th, at Castleford.

THE LONDON THEATRES have experienced a poor run of business the past three weeks. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Gounod's opera of "Faust," with Sims Reeves and Louisa Pyne in the principal *roles*, has been the attraction.....At the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, Macfarren's new opera of "Helvellyn" has been the principal feature.....Drury Lane is still running its revival of "Macbeth," with Mr. Phelps, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Henry Marston, Miss Helen Faucit, and Miss Atkinson alternately representing the chief characters. A new farce, by Mr. Oxenford, called "A Young Man from the Country," was to have been produced on Nov. 22d.....The Haymarket has found an unanticipated allurement in the old play of "The Stranger." The new farce of "On the Sly" has enabled Mr. Buckstone to maintain his usual prominent place in the bills.....The Strand has prefaced the comic drama of "Milky White" with a new farce, by Mr. Wooler, called "The Wilful Ward."....The Princess's is still prolonging the career of Mr. Boucicault's drama of "The Streets of London."....The Lyceum is continuing the run of "The King's Butterfly," in which the acting of Mr. Fechter and the scenery of Mr. Calcott put forth, it is said, such strong claims to the admiration of the public.....Sadler's Wells has adhered to the legitimate drama, which always finds such strong support in this region, and for which Miss Marriott has a right, by her tragic acquirements, to exhibit a strong predilection. "Hamlet" with Miss Marriott as the Danish Prince, and Mr. A. Young, the Shakespearean reader, as the Ghost, was performed on Nov. 14th.....The Grecian has kept up a varied bill, in which Mr. George Conquest's new romantic drama of "The Phantom Captain" is the principal feature.....The Victoria, with the drama of "Life in Lambeth," a localized version of the same piece now so popular at the Princess's, is well attended. "The Blind Sister" has been the afterpiece.....Astley's continues to be well-filled, through the attraction of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken in "Mazeppa." The performance of Signor Redmond in his rope-tying feats, excites, also, much interest; and the farce of "the Double Bedded Room," in which Mr. Atkins, of Drury-lane, an excellent actor of great original humor, now plays the chief part, adds to the gratification of the audience.....The Surrey is prospering with Messrs. Leslie and Rowe's drama of "The Orange Girl," in which Mr. James Anderson and Mr. Shepherd have parts. The late Leman Rede's farce of "His First Champagne" has been the afterpiece, presenting Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Felix Rogers, and Miss Jenny Willmore in the principal characters.....The New Royalty has repeated its extravaganza of "Ixion," which had attained its three hundredth representation. On Nov. 21st, Mr. Burnand's new burlesque, called "Snowdrop," was produced.....At the St. James's, Palgrave Simpson's original comedy-drama of "Step by Step" keeps Mrs. and Mr. Charles Mathews prominently before the audience, and with Miss Constance Roden in the preceding operatic sketch of "The Baronet Abroad," and the acting of Mr. Charles Mathews in the farce of "Woodcock's Little Game," are agreeably sustained.....The Pavilion has brought out the four-part drama of "A Fight with Fate," with the Ship on Fire and the Earthquake for its great effects; and a new female "Mazeppa," Miss Charlotte Wyette, is announced as the next attraction. The City of London has revived the drama of "Waiting for the Verdict." Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Holt, just returned from New Zealand, are engaged to represent those characters in which they have so delighted playgoers at the Antipodes.....The Effingham has produced a drama by Mr. W. Archer, called "The Marriage Bells; or, the Cottage on the Cliff," which brings in the whole strength of the company, and has proved successful. The afterpiece has been "The Woodman and his Dogs."

A FRENCH ACTRESS, M'lle Ellaler, is reported to have recently won $20,000 at a gaming table in Baden. Her admirers say she never played so well before.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
BENEFICIAL TESTIMONIAL
TO
CHARLES PETERS.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8TH, 1864.

The Committee are happy to announce that the arrangements for the above occasion are progressing favorably. The following distinguished artists have kindly volunteered:—

Mrs. JOHN WOOD,	Mr. G. L. FOX,
Mrs. F. B. CONWAY,	Mr. JOHN GILBERT,
Mrs. FARREN,	Mr. J. W. LINGARD,
Mrs. EMMA ROBERTSON,	Mr. CHARLES FISHER,
Miss MARY GANNON,	Mr. CHARLES POPE,
Miss M. HENRIQUES,	Mr. WM. DAVIDGE,
Miss IONE BURKE,	Mr. HOLSTON,
Mrs. C. M. WALCOT, Jr.,	Mr. ROBERT HELLER,
Mr. J. W. WALLACK, Jr.,	Mr A. H. DAVENPORT,
Mr. LESTER WALLACK,	Mr. J. K. MORTIMORE,
Mr. WM. WHEATLEY,	Mr. CHAS. WALCOT, Jr.,
Mr. F. B. CONWAY,	Mr. JAMES STODDARD,

Mr. DELMON GRACE,
and a host of other ladies and gentlemen too numerous to mention, besides Mr. THOMAS BAKER
AND
Mr. JOHN COOKE,
who will preside over the musical department, as also the professional members of the Executive Committee.
AN AFTERNOON AND EVENING PERFORMANCE.
Particulars duly announced.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS
whose brilliant personations of
SOLON SHINGLE, JOSHUA BUTTERBY,
HENRY DOVE, and DR. OLLAPOD.
have, within the past fourteen weeks of his memorable engagement been so many
SUCCESSIVE TRIUMPHS,
will present for the first time here on
MONDAY, Dec. 5th, AND DURING THE WEEK,
Buckstone's delightful two act Comedy, from the French,
THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.
Mr. Gillman .....MR. JOHN E. OWENS.
85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, and
90th night
of glorious old
SOLON SHINGLE .....in.....PEOPLE'S LAWYER
SPECIAL NOTICE.—For the convenience of city and suburban patrons, the performances as now arranged will close by a quarter past 10 o'clock. Seats should be secured in advance.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
37 and 39 BOWERY, N. Y.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.
ALSO OF
CANTERBURY, WASHINGTON,
AND OF
CANTERBURY, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
THE VARIETIES THEATRE, NEW YORK,
IS THE
LARGEST MAMMOTH CONCERT THEATRE IN AMERICA,
capable of seating
FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE,
and capable of producing any spectacle or piece equal to any theatre in the United States.
Performers of talent, and Stars in every department negotiated with on the best terms. Artists will bear in mind that the Varieties Theatre is not exclusively for gentlemen (as most Concert Halls are), but the Dress Circle is nightly thronged with ladies and families. Performers will consult their own interests by first making application to George Lea, as he will guarantee them an engagement the year round to perform at the different establishments he is connected with; besides which, they will gain a New York reputation, which is worth something to a performer in securing engagements elsewhere.
The following talented artists are now under engagement to George Lea, and are playing at some one of the establishments above mentioned:—
ANNETTA GALLETTI,
The Greatest Dansense in the World.
HELENA SMITH, Premier Dansense.

WESNER SISTERS, ELLA, MARY, and LIZZIE,	
MARY GARDINER,	MARY COULSON,
EMMA SCHELL,	MAGGIE WILSON,
KITTY LEE,	ELLA PARKER,
WALBY SISTERS,	MARY DENVILLE,
FANNY MAY,	ANNIE ELDRIDGE,
M'lle DELPHINE,	JULIA ROBINSON,

All beautiful Solo Dancers.
Mons. MATHIEU, } .....Ballet Masters.
Mons. SZOLLOSI, }
M'lle DESIREE, Premier Dansense.
Miss JENNY ENGEL, the Talented Vocalist.
NELLIE HUNTLEY, Vocalist and Comedienne.
IDA COULSON, the Favorite Balladist.
TONY PASTOR,
The Celebrated Comic Singer, from 444 Broadway, N. Y.
CHARLEY CANE and JENNIE JOHNSON,
The Sensation Vocalists, in their Great Original Duo,
"THE NERVE."
DELAHANTY AND WARD,
The Champion Clog Dancers; Challenge for $1000 always open for acceptance by addressing Geo. Lea.
THOMPSON & KERNS,
The best Original Double Song and Dance Men in America.
W. B. CAVENAGH,
Irish Comedian and Vocalist.
THE JEROME CHILDREN, TOMMY AND JERRY,
The greatest Juvenile Wonders in the profession.
MASTER BARNEY,
The Youthful Wonder.
MONS. DUVERNE,
The Greatest Contortionist Living.
HARRY BLOODGOOD, Ethiopian Delineator.
JOSH HART, Comedian and Ethiopian Performer.
JOHN MULLIGAN,
The most Eccentric Ethiopian Delineator in the Profession.
ANDREW LEAVITT, GEORGE WARREN, DICK COLLINS,
Banjo Players and Ethiopian performers.
MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
MISS KITTY FYFFE,
Versatile and Protean Actresses;
JOHNNY PIERCE, the Funny Darkey;
JOHNNY REDDEN, Song and Dance Man;
CHARLEY COVELLI, Pantomimist and Dancer;
W. A. WRAY,
The greatest Versatile Performer of the age. Magician, Comic Singer, and Ethiopian Delineator, all combined.
JOHN DENIER,
The best SENSATIONAL ARTIST OF THE DAY. CATARACT ASCENSIONIST, ZAMPILLAEROSTATION, or the THREE FLYING TRAPEZE, and HORIZONTAL BAR, &c., &c.
A BALLET TROUPE OF OVER FIFTY YOUNG LADIES.
Mr. Lea has still room for any quantity of good artists, who he promises lucrative and permanent engagements the year round. Address as above or to CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
35-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
THE BEST BILL OF THE SEASON.
Immense success of the great
TRIPLE CLOG-DANCE,
RECEIVED NIGHTLY
WITH SHOUTS OF APPLAUSE
THE LEBANON SHAKERS,
STOCKS UP,
THE BOWERY GIRL,
I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY,
RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.
On Friday Evening, Dec. 9th,
BENEFIT OF
NED DAVIS.
On Monday Evening, December 12th,
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
JOHNNY BOOKER. 35

WANTED---For the SPRINGFIELD, ILL., THEATRE, a good WALKING GENT and SINGING CHAMBERMAID.
Address THAD. P. VARNEY,
35-1t Box 743, Springfield, Ill.

CANTERBURY HALL, HARRISBURG, PA.---Open
for the winter season, with a first class company. Female Vocalists, Dancers, Negro Performers, &c., can get good situations for the winter, by addressing JIM FLAKE,
36-3m* Business and Stage Manager.

WANTED---By TWO LADS, aged respectively 15 and 17 years, situations as DOUBLE CLOG DANCERS, with some first class company. For further particulars, as regards salary, &c., address CHARLEY F. BELLFORD,
35-1t* Box 909, Milford, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
3—MUSEUMS IN ONE.
3—MAMMOTH FAT WOMEN,
WEIGHING ONE TON.
3—ENORMOUS GIANTS
94 FEET HIGH.
3—DWARFS (lacking one),
18 POUNDS EACH.
A LIVING MENAGERIE CONSISTS OF
3—VARIETIES.
ANIMALS, BIRDS AND REPTILES.
3—MAIN HALLS CONTAIN SPLENDID
FRENCH MOVING FIGURES.
3—ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY.
MORNING AT 11,
HOLE IN THE WALL.
O-KE-NA WA KAS TRILE OF INDIANS,
3—times in their habits, customs, &c.
MORNING, AFTERNOON, AND EVENING.
AFTERNOON, AT 3,
3-ACT NAUTICAL DOMESTIC DRAMA.
MARTIN THE PRIVATEER.
EVENING, AT 7½,
3-Act Romantic Play (1st time),
DEBORAH,
OR THE JEWISH MAIDEN'S WRONGS.
TONY DENIER .....in .....COMIC DANCE.
CIRCASSIAN GIRL, ALBINO BOY, MOVING WAX FIGURES, LIVING CAPABARA OTTERS, KANGAROOS, LEARNED SEAL, &c., &c.
Admission 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

WOODROFFE'S,
ELEVENTH WEEK OF THE
BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS.
EXHIBIT EVERY EVENING, and on
WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, AT THREE P. M.,
AT HOPE CHAPEL,
720 BROADWAY,
DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS.
Admission, 25 cents. Matinees, 15 cents.
SEE THE GLASS STEAM-ENGINE. 35

ARTEMUS WARD
AMONG THE MORMONS.
YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO A MILE OF PICTURES.
FIVE SQUARE YARDS OF JOKES.
SIXTEEN CUBIC FEET OF FINE MORAL SENTIMENT.
FOUR RODS OF SAD AND BEAUTIFUL PATHOS.
A DOOR-YARD FULL OF BURNING ELOQUENCE.
A SMALL BLACK TRAVELLING BAG containing PHOSPHORESCENT QUIPS.
PETROLEUM OIL PAINTINGS by the High Old Masters, &c., &c., &c., &c.
ALL MOVING TO BEAUTIFUL MUSIC AT
ARTEMUS WARD'S
PICTORIAL ENTERTAINMENT OF
LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.
AT DODWORTH HALL, 806 BROADWAY.
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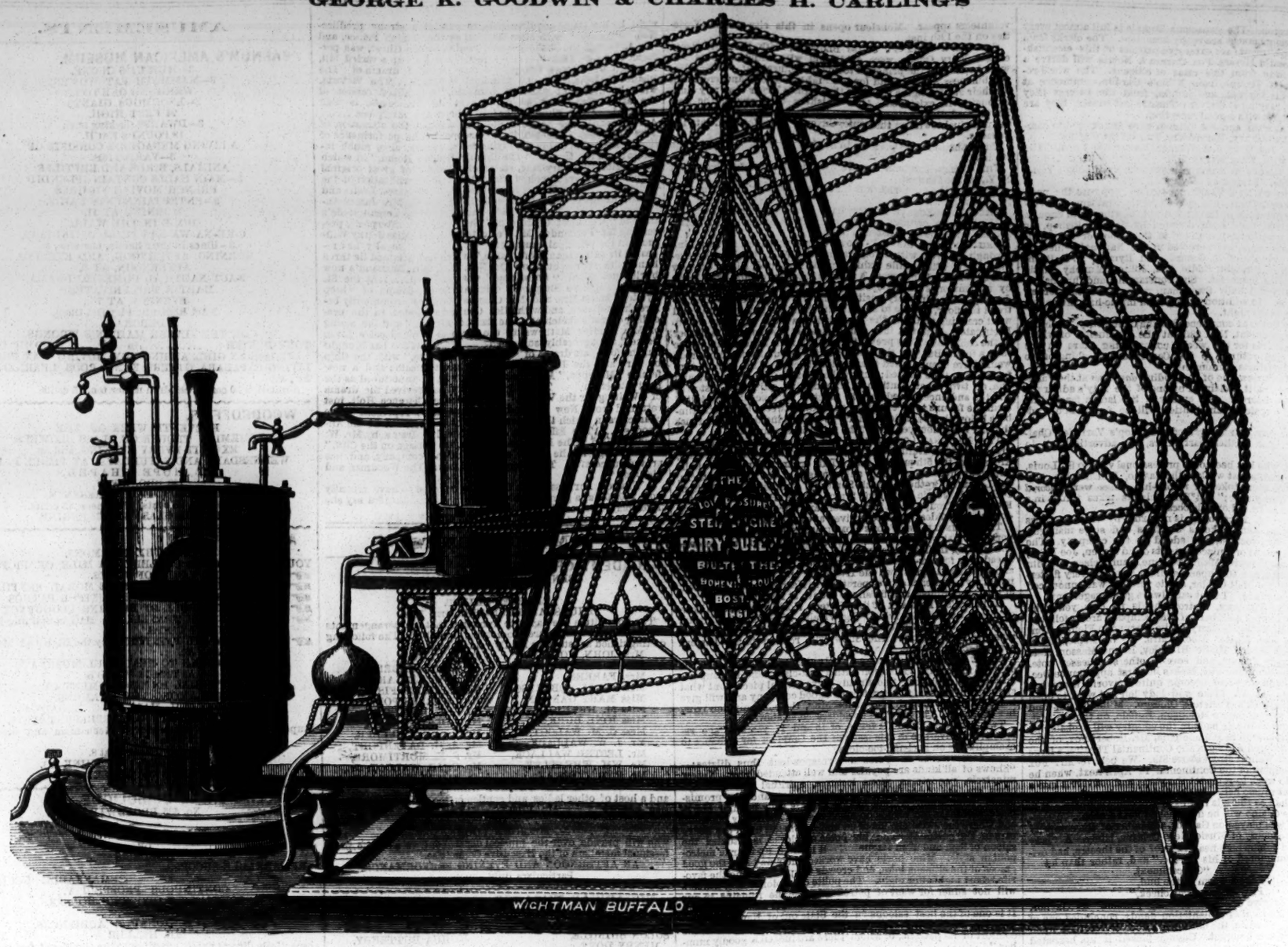

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